P. P. - Bristol
P. P. 6044. ca.

THE

MONITOR:

CONSISTING PRINCIPALLY OF

ORIGINAL ESSAYS,

BOTH IN

PROSE AND VERSE.

AS PUBLISHED AT

LONDON AND *BRISTOL*,

IN WEEKLY NUMBERS.

" Would'ſt thou live well? Who not? then quickly ſtrive,
" And now ſince Virtue only this can give,
" Now leave thy falſe delights, and that purſue."

CREECH.

BRISTOL:
Printed and Sold by J. ROSE.
Sold alſo by T. SCOLLICK, Little Turnſtile, Holborn, LONDON.
M.DCC.XC.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

MONITOR.

VOLUME I.

THE

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To the PUBLIC.

IT gives me an indiſcribable ſatisfaction, that I have already been honored with more than twenty letters, encouraging me to proceed in this publication, and ſupplying me with moſt valuable materials for the work. .... Such an unprecedented inſtance of public confidence has not only deluged my heart with gratitude, but has confirmed me in a favorite opinion, That there are many good writers deſirous of rendering their labors ſerviceable to mankind, who only want a proper channel to convey their ſentiments: And I hope I ſhall not be thought vain, or oſtentatious, if I venture to declare my ſanguine expectation, that the fabric now about to be raiſed by this weekly compilation will prove a perpetual monument of morality.

To make ſome return for this pleaſing promptitude of aſſiſtance, the continuance of which I look forward to with an unbounded reliance, I have waved my intention of publiſhing a ſtring of reſolutions for regulating my proceedings in this office; leaving my plan to diſcloſe itſelf gradually, which, perhaps, may have a far better effect, than if it had been ſuddenly and totally divulged; and paſs on, with the utmoſt profundity of reſpect, to the active duties of my ſtation.

I ſhall preſent you with the firſt favor I received, as my firſt Monitory: I have tranſcribed it verbatim, priding myſelf that I have procured the correſpondence of ſo ſerious and elegant a writer.

Permit me to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Your devoted humble ſervant,

THE MONITOR.

THE

MONITOR.

[No. I.]

OUR nation abounds with numerous diſciples of CICERO, TULLY, and DEMOSTHENES, whoſe public orations and private diſcourſes are replete with eulogiums on their love of Liberty, their public Virtue, and their abhorrence of every thing which can either be conceived or underſtood as inimical to the general welfare or the univerſal Freedom of mankind. But is it not ſurprizing, that amidſt the popular exclamation againſt Oppreſſion, and the prodigality of acclamations in favor of general Liberty, ſo many ſhould tamely ſubmit to the arbitrary government of their own paſſions, and ſuffer the dignity of human nature to be debaſed, by a vile ſubjection to the tyranny of their own hearts? Is it not aſtoniſhing, that men who are conſtantly eſpouſing the cauſe of Virtue ſhould be continually colleaguing with Vice? It is almoſt impoſſible to join in any company, either public or private, where this glaring abſurdity is not more or leſs conſpicuous. I have frequently heard people expatiate on the neceſſity of temperance, while in the act of ebriety: I have often known perſons inveigh againſt every ſpecies of ſervility, who have, at the ſame time, exhibited the ſtrongeſt proofs of their being the ſlaves of Pride, Conceit,

Conceit, and Arrogance: And I have as commonly heard numbers inveigh againſt giving up the ſmalleſt particle of their freedom, who meanly ſuffer their minds to be ſhackled by the moſt abject and humiliating deſires; and bow down, without reluctance, to the dictates of their inordinate inclinations. What multitudes are ſkilled in the governments of ſtates and empires, who do not in the leaſt attend to the government of themſelves? How many are deeply verſed in the knowledge of the conſtitutions of various countries, who entirely neglect the conſtitution of their own bodies? What numbers are perpetually buſied to prevent the encroachments of Deſpotiſm, not only in this kingdom, but in every part of the earth where human footſteps can be traced, who heed not the uſurped ſovereignty which the Grand Enemy of Mankind has acquired over their own tempers and diſpoſitions? ..... How is this contrariety of conduct to be accounted for? .... Certainly it is as neceſſary for every man to ſtudy his own individual proſperity as that of his fellow-creatures; and it is as reaſonable that he ſhould endeavor to provide for his own temporal and eternal happineſs, as to point out modes whereby the preſent or future welfare of others may be ſecured. .... It would be the higheſt abſurdity for a man ſuddenly arrived at the brink of a precipice, to call on others to avoid it, without endeavouring to prevent his own fall; and it is equally as prepoſterous for men to preach public Virtue, or univerſal Liberty, to the world, and not trouble themſelves about their own emancipation from the deſpotic yoke of Vice.

I have been led to theſe reflections on reading a very pompous account of the late fœderal ceremony in France, where thirty-five millions

millions of people have ſo happily and ſo ſuddenly emerged from almoſt the loweſt ſtate of ſervile dependence to the moſt glorious ſummit of human freedom. ... This is indeed a buſineſs of important moment to mankind; and it is moſt devoutly to be wiſhed, that the flame of Liberty, which at preſent beams its benign influence ſo diffuſively, will ſpeedily blazon the rights of men in every quarter of the globe: But yet it may very reaſonably be aſked, amidſt the general joy which prevades all ranks on viewing this delightful proſpect, What benefit do we receive from it individually? Do we learn thereby, that the leſs reſtrained a ſubject is in his will the more reſponſible he becomes for the rectitude of his conduct? If not, the removal of reſtraints may make room for licentiouſneſs, and permit the perpetration of offences. .... The Almighty King of Kings, from whom the bleſſing of free-agency is received, has an infinitely greater claim to our obedience, by having graciouſly pointed out to us a line of duty which we are capable of adhering to or receding from, than if he had compelled us to a mode of worſhip from which we could not poſſibly withdraw our aſſent. MILTON introduces the angel RAPHAEL as thus addreſſing himſelf to ADAM:

" GOD made thee perfect, not immutable;
" And good He made thee; but to perſevere
" He left it in thy pow'r; ordain'd thy will
" By nature free; not over-rul'd by fate
" Inextricable, or ſtrict neceſſity.
" Our voluntary ſervice He requires,
" Not our neceſſitated; ſuch with Him
" Finds no acceptance, nor can find: for how

" Can

" Can hearts, not free, be try'd whether they ſerve
" Willing or no, who will but what they muſt
" By deſtiny, and can no other chuſe ?"

The caſe is exactly ſimilar with reſpect to the inhabitants of free countries ; their ſubmiſſion to the mode of government being voluntary, and unconſtrained, they owe a degree of obedience to the magiſtracy and the laws, which could not be reaſonably expected from them, nor could they manifeſt, were they obligated to act according to the will of tyrants.

But not only with reſpect to our deportment in the public paths of life, and thoſe actions for which we are amenable to the laws, but alſo, in every particular where the will is concerned, it is abſolutely neceſſary that we determine to do no wrong ; and that, by a conſcientious diſcharge of our reſpective duties, to our Maker, to our neighbours, and to ourſelves, we may prove worthy of being intruſted with that diſcretionary power, of doing well or acting amiſs, which is the baſis of all human freedom.

E.

[No. II.]

" Be this thy guard, and this thy ſtrong defence,
" A virtuous heart, and unſtain'd innocence ;
" Not to be conſcious of a ſhameful ſin :
" Nor yet look pale for ſcarlet crimes within."

CREECH's HOR. *Epiſtle* I. *Book* 1.

VIRTUE, in the general acceptation of the word, is a term almoſt indefinite : The ſoldier is apt to confine it to courage ; the man of labor, to induſtry ; the prieſt, to the rituals of religion ; the ſtateſman, to polity ; and numerous denominations of men, to a pre-eminence in their various vocations. Nothing can be more abſurd. Virtue will indeed ſtimulate her votaries to excellence in honorable purſuits : Yet thoſe who ſurpaſs in this, that, or the other good quality, may notwithſtanding be the followers of Vice. ... Virtue is an unerring principle, which ſo perfectly pervades the ſoul that none of its faculties can be employed but with the utmoſt purity of intention. If ſome functions of the mind are exerciſed with evil views, it is but of little uſe to plead that others are employed to purer purpoſes. ... A vicious man may ſometimes do that which bears the ſemblance of Virtue, either caſually, or from motives of intereſt ; but a man truly virtuous cannot, in any inſtance, act ſubſerviently to Vice.

I thought it neceſſary to preface the following Ode to Virtue with a brief Monitory, that the name may be more eaſily underſtood than it is poſſible it can be at preſent, when ſo many boaſt that they are virtuous becauſe they do not perhaps commit adultery,

tery, yet make no ſcruple to over-reach their neighbours in the way of trade; when ſo many make a merit of that juſtice which the laws compel them to, yet never give relief to the objects of mercy and compaſſion; and when ſo many, of innnumerable deſcriptions, make a parade of doing right in many things, whilſt in as many more they act diametrically wrong.

ODE to VIRTUE.

O Nymph divine! where'er thou deign'ſt to dwell;
On barren hill, or in the fertile vale;
Whether thou ſeek'ſt the palace, or the cell;
Or, liſt'ning to the vent'rous ſeaman's tale,
Doſt on the raging billows ride, ſublime:
Whether thou viſit'ſt Indus, or Peru;
Or, ſhivering, ſtray'ſt on Greenland's hoary ſhore;
Whether thou doſt the ſource of Nile purſue;
Or, in Arabia, deſart tracts explore;
I hail thee! brighteſt gem of ev'ry clime!

Whether thou chooſeſt, meekly, to recline,
With homeleſs Poverty, in woodland ſhade;
Or rather if thou lov'ſt, perchance, to ſhine
Where Wealth and Grandeur ſeek thy foſtering aid,
And giv'ſt a real luſtre to renown:
Whether thou cheer'ſt the weary ruſtic's heart;
Or wip'ſt the ſweat from the mechanic's brow;
Or to the ſtudent doſt thy rays impart;
Or on the pris'ner doſt thy ſmiles beſtow;
I hail thee! VIRTUE! whereſoe'er thy throne.

O ſacred

O ſacred ſource of ev'ry human bliſs,
Who ſhun'ſt the noiſy and the factious crowd;
Who know'ſt not thoſe to ſympathize remiſs;
Nor aid'ſt the idle, nor the vain, nor proud;
Nor leag'ſt with treachery, or fraud, or guile:
O thou whoſe beams, benign, no light impart
Where the fell monſter, Anger, raging glows;
Or lurking malice, rankling, ſwells the heart;
Nor where the ſoul to grov'ling meaneſs bows;
O deign on me, continually, to ſmile.

O teach me how to ſteer my courſe aright,
Thro' life's tempeſt'ous, boiſt'rous, howling ſtorm;
That, maugre Care, and in Afflictions ſpite,
And Vice, in faireſt ſhape, or in deform;
I may, at length, a peaceful harbour gain:
And glory there, that following of thee,
I ſcap'd each hidden rock, each dang'rous ſhoal;
All the malignant, adverſe winds that be;
And find of Happineſs the perfect whole:
Tho' now the moſt unworthy of thy train.

S.

[No. III.]

" Thy beard and head are of a different dye ;
" Short of one foot, diſtorted in an eye :
" With all theſe tokens of a knave complete,
" Should'ſt thou be honeſt, thou'rt a dev'liſh cheat."

MR. MONITOR,

I Have lately paid particular attention to the ſtudy of Phiſiognomy ; and having peruſed ſeveral numbers of LAVATER's Eſſays, I ſhould by this time have thought myſelf an adept in the theory, had not two or three untoward incidents put me out of humour with the practice of that ſcience. The laſt, which I will relate to you, has, in fact, made me renounce it.

LAVATER has given a ſpecimen of diſſimulation with features ſo amazingly ſtriking and expreſſive, that I was confident in my own ability to diſtinguiſh and avoid a rogue in grain, whenever I ſhould ſee one. A few weeks ſince I ſpent an evening at a friend's houſe, where I had an opportunity of putting my ſkill to the teſt. A perſon who I had never ſeen before entered the room while we were at ſupper, and with the greateſt familiarity immediately ſeated himſelf between me and the maſter of the ceremonies : I inſtantly quitted my chair, and dragging it after me to the oppoſite ſide of the table placed myſelf ſo as to face the ſtranger. Whether he noticed my agitation or not, I cannot pretend to ſay, for all my nerves were in a tremor at the idea of his perfect reſemblance to LAVATER's criminal ; but he aſked me

if

if I was unwell, and if it was agreeable to me that he ſhould let down the window-ſaſh a little, remarking that it was exceſſively ſultry, and that a ſmall breeze of freſh air might be of ſervice to me. I made him no reply; but eagerly employed myſelf in meaſuring the extent of his hypocriſy, by the lineaments of his viſage. Finding I did not intend to make an anſwer, he very compoſedly renewed a converſation he had began with my worthy friend, who ſeemed to liſten to him with the moſt earneſt attention; and which I endeavoured to draw off by a variety of winking, nodding, and every geſticulation I could deviſe, with a view to apprize him what a dangerous companion he was engaged with; but all to no purpoſe; he ſeemed alive to nothing but the other's diſcourſe, which he ſwallowed with the moſt greedy avidity imaginable. The fraud and deceit which ſtruck me at firſt view, became ſtill more apparent, as the perſon of evil aſpect fixed his eyes upon the man into whoſe open heart I concluded he was warping the moſt treacherous guile. I could not forbear ſpeaking to him; and told him, with much emotion, that I ſhould be glad if he would accompany me into the next room, as I had ſomewhat of great conſequence to communicate. The ſtranger prevented my friend's reply, by aſſuring me that he was that inſtant going, and his abſence would ſave us the trouble of retiring. So ſaying he roſe up, wiſhed us a good night, and left us. .... Good God! ſaid I, I am glad that he is gone: Beware, that you have no dealings with that man! Could not you read the villain on his face? Why the characters are as legible as thoſe of a church bible. My friend, who knew I was a phyſiognomiſt, could not forbear ſmilng at the perturbation with which I addreſſed him; but ſoon contracting his countenance into a more

ſevere

ſevere form, he told me, that the gentleman I had thought ſo ill of had thought ſo well of me, even from report only, that he had procured a good living for me; and his only buſineſs with him that evening was to communicate the agreeable tidings, with the meaſures he had taken for my benefit. It would be needleſs to inform you how ſincerely I regretted, or how much I apologized for my conduct: But it may be of ſerious ſervice to your readers if they would join in my preſent determination, Never again to eſtimate a man's character by his countenance.

N.

For my own part, I am ſo far ready to join iſſue with my correſpondent, that I hereby promiſe never to expreſs a bad opinion of any man, becauſe his features are not agreeable to my fancy. But I will not take upon me to ſay, that the natural bent of our inclinations do not ſometimes portray themſelves in the lineaments of the face. How viſible is anger in the countenance? How perceptible is melancholy? Who cannot diſtinguiſh when another is unuſually ſerious, or peculiarly gay? And why may not the different workings of all the other ſenſations of the mind be equally as obvious to the eye of a curious obſerver? Who is ignorant of the expreſſive language of the eyes, eſpecially if the ſubjects are common to us, ſuch as fury, diſdain, love, pity, &c.? And why may not peculiar virtues, or peculiar vices, be as conſpicuous in the looks of thoſe whoſe diſpoſitions they controul? I muſt however own, with peculiar pleaſure, that I know many, honeſt, induſtrious, friendly, benevolent, and meek-hearted men, whoſe faces wear the ſignatures of villainy, treachery, obduracy, and indolence. But whether they have overcome their natural diſpoſitions,

diſpoſitions, and if ſo they cannot have too much praiſe; or whether it proves Phiſiognomy to be a whim; I leave others to determine.

I truſt I ſhall not offend my readers, by concluding the preſent with the following humorous extract from an old magazine.

OBSERVATIONS on FACES.

" IT appears very clear to me, that the human face has undergone many revolutions ſince the creation, both in the figure and faſhion, if I may ſo call it, of wearing the features. I ſee no ſuch faces in the preſent age, as thoſe which we find in old pictures and old books. The faces which were worn two or three hundred years ago, are entirely out of faſhion now. I grant that the engravers were not ſo expert formerly as they are at preſent; but then it muſt be allowed, that to copy a likeneſs and to engrave well, are two different things; and that a true likeneſs may be taken off by an indifferent hand. A profile, taken by a ſhadow on a ſheet of paper, may often be inſtantly known. A few ſtrokes of the pencil will frequently form a likeneſs which is again loſt in the finiſhing; wherefore, the inſufficiency of engravers cannot be brought as an argument to overthrow my opinion, that the figure and faſhion of the face are ſubject, like all other things, to continual changes; and as to painters, the ancients have never yet been exceeded by the moderns; yet they, as well as the engravers, produced no ſuch faces as are in faſhion now. Where the diſtinction particularly lies, is not ſo eaſy to deſcribe; yet, that there is

" ſuch

" ſuch a diſtinction, is, I think, certain. As all changes have " their cauſes, I am inclined to believe that the changes in the " figure and faſhion of the face principally ariſe from the follow- " ing :

" With regard to the changes that take place in the figure of " the face, I would obſerve, that all nations have originally a " face peculiar to themſelves. The face of a Spaniard is not " like that of an Engliſhman, the French differs from both, and " the Dutch from all three, and ſo on.

" The extenſion of commerce within theſe two centuries paſt, " has introduced a commerce of matrimony. It ſeems to me " then, that parents of different nations cannot produce a true " national face in their deſcendants ; the original diſtinct characters " of each will be blended, and the child, by partaking of both " nations, will be a true likeneſs of neither, and conſequently a " new face will make its appearance. Within this century, the " inter-marriages of the Engliſh with the Scots, Welch and Iriſh, " have been very frequent ; French and Germans too, frequently " ſettle and marry in England. Two centuries ago it was " quite otherwiſe ; men did not travel much, and women kept " almoſt entirely at home. This I take to be one reaſon why " the preſent faces differ ſo much from the old pictures.

" Beſides the face that is peculiar to a nation in general, there " is likewiſe a provincial one, and the whole may be again divi- " ded into town and country faces ; wherefore, the ſame nation " by the inter-marriages of the inhabitants of the different parts " will produce an alteration, though to a leſs degree.

" Secondly,

" Secondly, As to the *fashion* of wearing our faces, or rather " the features of the face, that, as to individuals, depends in a " great measure on their manners and sentiments, the particular " employments they follow, or the different amusements they " pursue. Every person wears his face according to his business " unless he is ashamed of it. There is a soldier's face, a sailor's " face, a farmer's face, a tradesman's face, a gentleman's face, " a judge's face, a clergyman's face, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. " There is a certain kind of countenance, or fashion of the fea- " tures, which a man insensibly puts on in the way of his busi- " ness, which at last becomes natural to him, and it is from our " associating our ideas of men's faces whom we never saw, to " that fitness of external character which becomes their employ- " ment, that we picture to ourselves the general likeness of a " man, by knowing his station and rank in life. Bucks, bloods, " rakes, and fops, have their particular face fashions, by which " they may as easily be distinguished as a quaker by the cut and " colour of his coat, the form of his hat, or the decency of his " countenance. Observation will convince any person, that " *manners* have a powerful effect in forming, transforming, and " reforming, the fashion of our faces. When a whole nation is " influenced by any particular set of manners, their countenances " will undergo a general change. When dissolute manners pre- " vail, modest countenances will go out of fashion, and *vice versa*. " In times of general sorrow and calamity, long and weeping faces " will be worn. In times of general joy, short and chearful ones " will be the mode. Sorrow lengthens the face, joy contracts it; " for the act of laughing naturally expands and spreads the coun- " tenance. Tears, the contrary. An attentive observer may,

" by

" by marking the countenances of others, know the general tenor
" of any change that happens in the ſtate of publick affairs, with-
" out giving himſelf the trouble to look for it in the newſpapers.
" Men who have things at heart, cannot expunge them from
" their faces; and I have always obſerved that the arrival of freſh
" intelligence never fails to alter the caſt or faſhion of the face of
" that day. From theſe, and a number of ſimilar obſervations
" which might be offered, I think it will appear plain, that the
" national character in faces will revolve by inter-marriages, and
" and that the faſhion of the features depends on manners and
" habit."

[No. IV.]

" Now came ſtill evening on, and twilight grey
" Had in her ſober livery all things clad;
" Silence accompany'd; for beaſt, and bird,
" They to their graſſy couch, theſe to their neſts,
" Were ſlunk; all but the wakeful nightingale;
" She all night long her amorous deſcant ſung;
" Silence was pleas'd."

MILTON.

THERE cannot be a more apt time for contemplation than the evening. .... When our diurnal labors are ſuſpended; when our minds are unbent from the arduous purſuit of worldly cares, and their concomitant anxieties; when the ſun, ceaſing to dart his ſcortching rays, retires below the horizon, and ſtreaks the occi-

dent

dent with all thoſe variegated beauties which warmed the imagination of the poet when he ſung of "colours dipt in heaven." When all ſurrounding nature appears cool and calm; then is the ſtill ſeaſon for ſerious cogitation. Not that more outward objects preſent themſelves to our meditation; for in this the ſtarry night has ſuper-eminently the advantage, when all the ſhining worlds which ſtud the hemiſphere ſupply us with matter for our thoughts; but that our diſpoſitions wear a ſerenity which fits them for that intellectual converſe ſo indiſpenſibly requiſite to beings who look and hope for a future ſtate.

It was in my evening's walk, that my attention was lately occupied on the kind interference of Providence with reſpect to our diſpoſal in this world. ... I was reflecting on the apparent happineſs of thoſe who live retired from the buſtling ſcenes of buſy life, and exempt from the corroding cares which are attendant on every ſtage of buſineſs: This ſuggeſted a natural deſire of the like retirement; on a ſuppoſition that the mind, when unoccupied with wordly concerns, would be at all times ready to receive the impreſſions of divine complacency, and become more fitted for the future ſociety of a world of ſpirits. But then it immediately occurred to me, that it was our indiſpenſible duty to be contented with our lot, and to leave our deſtinations entirely to the omnipotent Diſpoſer of the univerſe, who alone knows what ſituations in life will beſt ſuit our ſeveral inclinations and capacities. I began to conſider, that the mind is not poſſeſſed of ſufficient ſtability to fix her cogitations continually on the ſame objects; and that when her faculties were diſengaged from the grand concern, ſhe might fix them on ſome improper, perhaps dangerous ſubject,

if there was no neceſſary temporal buſineſs whereon they might be immediately employed. This convinced me, that thoſe occupations which are often accounted as clogs to our future happineſs, are abſolutely requiſite to prevent our wandering into the paths of endleſs miſery; and that however irkſome it may appear to thoſe who are continually engaged in works of drudgery and labor, it is perhaps one of the greateſt bleſſings which Providence has beſtowed upon mortals, that they are thereby prevented from falling into many evil diſpoſitions which might prove irremediable curſes ..... How many are there, thought I, who, from the want of a proper variety of matter whereon to employ the powers of ratiocination, have fallen into the moſt dangerous habits of thinking, and even ſtudied ſcepticiſm as a ſcience? How many, had they been confined to manual labors, would have joyfully worſhipped their Creator in their intervals of reſt, whoſe time and thoughts are employed to lead mankind from the knowledge of his divine will? And what multitudes, had they been habituated to any conſtant employment, might have been ſhining examples of piety and virtue, who, from acquiring the habits of eaſe, voluptuouſneſs, and inactivity, have ſunk into the loweſt depths of vice and immorality? ..... From theſe conſiderations I experienced an inexpreſſible thankfulneſs, that we are not altogether left to our own choice in temporal ſituations and concerns; but that the Father of all Mercies has wiſely prevented our poſſeſſion of various fancied enjoyments, which we ſometimes naturally hanker after, becauſe they would prove ſo many ſtumbling-blocks in the road to real happineſs. ... How many are covetous of money? What multitudes murmur, that Providence has not bleſſed them with children? What numbers are diſcontent, becauſe their portion in the land.

land is unequal to their neighbours? And how many are continually uneaſy, that they are not endowed with this, that, or the other imaginary bliſs; which, if they were actually preſented with, would frequently afford them abundantly more pain than pleaſure? What perplexity and trouble do not riches bring with them? How commonly are children rebellious; and how often do they bring down their parents' grey hairs, with ſorrow, to the grave? How frequently does the ſoil mock the labors of the peaſant, and deride the ſanguine expectation of its owner? What ſublunary object is there which can be even thought a bleſſing, which may not equally prove a curſe to a mind not habitually ſatisfied with the diſpenſations of divine Providence?

As I was thus buſied in thought, night drew her ſable curtain. I therefore haſtened homeward, finiſhing my walk and my contemplations with a perfect ſubmiſſion in all things to the ſuperintendance of Him "who arch'd the ſky;" and without whoſe will not even a ſparrow can fall unto the ground.

E.

[No. V.]

"As if all ſorts of noiſe had been
"Contracted into one loud din."

BUTLER'S HUDIBRAS.

AS it is the duty of a Monitor to reprehend, whenever, and even whatever, he may deem neceſſary; I truſt that my inſerting the

the following lines from a correſpondent, who endeavours to ridicule the rididiculous noiſe made by our watchmen, with a vein of pleaſantry, will neither give offence to thoſe who ſuperintend the peaceable guardians of the night, nor to my readers, as the mind ſhould not always be on the ſtrain of cogitation, leſt her powers be impaired.

The FRIGHT.

NATURE was huſh'd in peaceful night,
No longer heard each clam'rous ſound,
In balmy ſleep each weary wight,
Each buſy care in peace profound;
When, lo! on ſudden, with a diſmal yell,
An aged voice broke the ſomnific ſpell.

Inſtant I roſe, nor ſtopt for thought
What beſt to take, or what to leave,
For others had the accent caught,
And ſeem'd the element to cleave:
Sure all the pariſh is one blaze of fire!
Impreſs'd my mind, with other thoughts as dire.

Confuſion ſeiz'd my ev'ry ſenſe,
And wild diſtraction rack'd my brain,
My terrors drove reflection thence;
For ſtill the bawlers roar'd amain:
When, wildly ruſhing thro' the outer door,
I found my error, and my fright was o'er.

Paſt

Paſt one o'clock had caught my ear,
And watchman entered my head;
I plainly ſaw what caus'd my fear,
And crept up quietly to bed.
What pity 'tis that your enlighten'd cits
Should ſcare a bumpkin thus out of his wits.

RUSTICUS.

[No. VI.]

" Reaſon, 'tis true, ſhould over ſenſe preſide,
" Correct our notions, and our judgments guide;
" But falſe opinions, rooted in the mind,
" Hoodwink the ſoul, and keep our Reaſon blind.

POMFRET.

A Very learned writer of the laſt century obſerved, that " In " all ages when ſcepticiſm abounds, it is a moſt certain ſymptom " of the declination of true philoſophy, and a prognoſtic of a " general decay thereof enſuing; which we may juſtly ſuſpect " in theſe times, wherein plain and ſolid truth is every where ar- " raigned, and men affect the name of a great wit and liberty of " ſpirit, leave the beaten path of true learning and wiſdom, and " wander at large in the wilderneſs of their own imaginations; " which at firſt much pleaſe and delight them, but afterward " prove vain and unſatisfactory: and then they grow malcon- " tent, and quarrel with all learning, knowledge, reaſon, and " religion; like diſtracted men, who by too ſtrong an intention

" of

" of their imagination have hurt their *cranium*, ſo theſe by too " much nicety and ſubtilty of wit ſtrain their *criterion*."

Certainly ſcepticiſm never abounded more than in the preſent day, when to believe in divine revelation is unfaſhionable, and to profeſs religion is ridiculous: .... Every check to this ſtalking monſter of impiety will find a ready inſertion in this publication, and I take a peculiar pleaſure in laying the following before my readers.

MR. MONITOR,

HAVING lately read a publication intitled "The PHILOSOPHY of MASONS," I was, at firſt, ſtruck with horror at its preſumptuous tendency; which is not only to ſet aſide the truth of revelation, but alſo to do away the neceſſity of divine worſhip. But when I reflected on the eaſe with which men of enlarged ideas might form a fallacious hypotheſis, and the facility with which an elegant writer might draw ſophiſtical arguments therefrom, I began to feel a pity, that a perſon of abilities ſo evidently great ſhould ſo groſly miſpend his time and talents: And the readineſs with which his axioms are to be overturned, made me rather wonder that he ſhould take ſo much pains, to pile argument upon argument, without noticing the inſecurity of their foundation. ... He has endeavoured to prove the inutility of prayer from the immutability of the Divine Being; and the futility of praiſe, from the greatneſs of the Power to whom it is directed. He has confined all our operations to the directions of Nature; and has therefore aſſerted, that Pleaſure both is and ſhould

ſhould be the main ſpring of all our actions. But till he can prove, that the divine will of the Almighty with regard to his creatures does *not* operate according to their obedience or diſobedience; and till he can prove, that our Maker does *not* accept of praiſe from creatures ſenſible of the bleſſings they derive from the Creator; *his* aſſerting the contrary will have no weight; and all that he has built upon his own *ipſe dixit* muſt inevitably tumble to the ground. Till he can make it manifeſt, that Nature alone, independent of Nature's God, cauſes us in all things both to will and to do, it will avail nothing to declare, that all our actions are impelled by Pleaſure or repelled by Pain; and all the dogmas he deduces therefrom will want a ſomewhat to ſupport them: Good-meaning men will ſtill believe, that mankind are induced both by Virtue and Religion to do that which is right; and that they are ſtimulated by Vice and Immorality to do that which is wrong. .... His doctrine of the materiality of the ſoul (which ſeems to be his grand forte) is as futile as it is irrational; and the imputation of blaſphemy to thoſe who think differently from him, comes with a very ill grace from one who dares to deny Omnipotence the power of creating immaterial ſpirits: And till he can demonſtrate that nothing is created immaterial, all men will entertain the ſame ideas, not only of the immateriality of the ſoul, but conſequently of her immortality, which they had conceived before this great genius took upon himſelf to ridicule it. ... It is certain, that whatever is immaterial can neither waſte nor decay; and it is a ſelf-apparent truth, that all materials do both waſte and decay: Now, if our rational ſpirits are only the effect of thoſe nervous ſenſations we have in common with other animals; then, as the nerves become either relaxed or debilitated, by old age or any other natural cauſe,

cauſe, the faculties of the ſoul muſt be relaxed or debilitated in proportion: But the fact is, that we are daily convinced to the contrary. We frequently hear men, in extreme old age, reaſon with great energy of mind; and perſons of very weak nerves (hypocondriacks and others) deliver opinions clearly, diſtinctly, and correctly: Nay, we have witneſſed ſome, when the body has been in the laſt ſtage of exiſtence, when the voice has been ſcarcely audible, and when the lips have nearly loſt their power of motion, who have even then expreſſed the ſtrength of their imagination, the depth of their cogitation, the fulneſs of their hopes, and the magnitude of their fears, as reaſonably and coherently as when the body was in perfect health, and the nerves poſſeſſed their full tone of ſtrength and vigor. The ſoul, as it were in the plenitude of her power, has exerted herſelf in the very moment ſhe was about to quit her untenantable habitation, ſo powerfully, as to convince every unprejudiced perſon that ſhe does *not* yield with it to the laws of Nature. .... It may be ſomewhat neceſſary to take notice of an unphiloſophical pun of this preſumptuous philoſopher: He aſks if the Almighty keeps "ready-made" ſouls to thruſt into the wombs of lewd women. I do not reply becauſe I think ſo impious a queſtion deſerves an anſwer; but that thoſe may be ſet to rights who are of a too prevalent opinion, that immaterial ſouls are continually placing in material bodies, by the Creator, as often as the generarion of the latter makes occaſion. This notion is as ſilly as that of a material ſoul is ridiculous and irrational. The Author of our Exiſtence, when he had formed our primeval parent, compleated the creation of our ſpecies. The virtual formation of all things was perfected, when

"The

" The Great Creator from His work return'd,
" Magnificent; His ſix days work, a world."

A late worthy divine very rationally obſerved, that man is not " half a father:" He generates his ſpecies not only in his own likeneſs, but alſo in his own nature, in his own ſpirit, and in his own eſſence. As all the bodies of all the men in the univerſe are the body of the firſt man, ſcattered or diſſeminated; ſo are all the ſouls of all mankind the ſame ſpirit which was given to our firſt father, extended to all who are partakers of his nature. ... If there is a truth in this hypotheſis, all the victory which the author of " The PHILOSOPHY of MASONS" fancied himſelf poſſeſſed of, when he triumphantly put the jeering interrogatory alluded to, will vaniſh into air, and force that mighty champion of Materialiſm to quit his ground.

I have frequently thought, that thoſe who diſbelieve, or affect to diſbelieve divine revelation, or deny a future exiſtence, are at firſt led into thoſe dangerous notions, either from a ſenſe of their own neglect of the precepts inculcated by the one, or the dread which their own demerits cauſe them to entertain of the other: ... If, therefore, they can once make up their minds, that they have no occaſion to do what they are naturally averſe to; it is no wonder that the defenders of divine writ ſhould argue to them in vain.

O.

[No. VII.]

" Was ſhe thy GOD, that her thou didſt obey,
" Before His voice ? Or was ſhe made thy guide,
" Superior, or but equal ? that to her
" Thou did'ſt reſign thy manhood, and the place
" Wherein GOD ſet thee above her, made of thee,
" And for thee : whoſe perfection far excell'd
" Hers, in all real dignity. Adorn'd
" She was indeed, and lovely, to attract
" Thy love ; not thy ſubjection : and her gifts
" Were ſuch, as under government well-ſeem'd ;
" Unſeemly to bear rule : which was thy part,
" And perſon, had'ſt thou known thy ſelf aright. "

MILTON.

THE evil complained of by my correſpondent in the following letter, is not particular to him alone. Many thouſands are in the ſame diſagreeable ſituation, thro' giving way to the extravagant notions and whimſicalities of their helpmates. I do not deſire to be underſtood as totally objecting to their indulgence in matters of taſte or elegance ; but I could wiſh that the attendant expences ſhould at all times be regulated by Reaſon, and that in no caſe they ſhould be diſproportionate to their end, or at leaſt to the means from which they are ſupplied.

Our progenitor ADAM firſt lamented his ruin by this uxorious complaiſance ; and, from one cauſe or other, his deſcendants in the male line are ſtill continually pouring all domeſtic blame upon their

their other-ſelves, when in right of reaſon it ſhould reſt upon their own heads. .... No Monitory I could write on the ſubject would exhibit the folly of this inconſiderate compliance better than the letter in queſtion; and I hope that many defaulters in the premiſes will be thereby convinced of the abſurdity of their error.

DEAR SIR,

I Live at a conſiderable diſtance from town, in what was once a neat, plain, and decent (tho' old-faſhioned) houſe, which was left me by my anceſtors, in whoſe occupation it had been almoſt two centuries. I have been in poſſeſſion of it about two and twenty years, nineteen of which I have lived in the honorable ſtate of matrimony; and have two fine boys, beſides a daughter in her eighteenth year, who, with her mother, are the ſtandard of taſte in this neighbourhood. My income amounts to about three huudred pounds per annum; full one hundred of which my taſty wife and daughter cauſe me to lay out yearly in embelliſhing and improving my premiſes, in order, as they ſay, to give it a faſhionable appearance, and ſet it out in a genteel ſtile. My good wife has employed herſelf to this laudable purpoſe ever ſince we have been married, (having been uſed to live in a very elegant modern houſe with her father) and has for the laſt five years had the good fortune to find that her daughter's taſte is equal to her own; of courſe rhey contrive between them to lay out more money on their favorite object, than my wife uſed to find occaſion for when in the ſole exerciſe of this talent of improvement. The conſequence is my houſe is ſo altered, that thoſe who have not ſeen it ſince the commencement of it's embelliſhing æra, would

ſcarcely

ſcarcely know it; yet it is as far from being complete as ever, and not half as commodious as when I firſt became owner of it: added to this near two thouſand pounds have been expended on the premiſes, tho' they would not ſell for more than half that ſum if they were put up for ſale to-morrow; and as I am now on the verge of fifty, I begin to think that I ought to have made ſome proviſion for my daughter and the younger boy, and not have ſuffered my money to be waſted (for it certainly does not deſerve a better term) to no purpoſe. This I have lately ventured to hint to my beloved ſpouſe, who burſt immediately into tears, ſaying that it was the firſt time I had ever called her judgment in queſtion, and that ſhe ſhould become the talk and deriſion of all the people of faſhion in town and country; if the very elegant improvements ſhe had ſo judiciouſly planned, were given up juſt in the middle of their execution. I never before MR. MONITOR, drew a tear from her lovely eye; I was immediately ſorry, exceedingly ſorry, that I had dared thus to grieve her. My daughter entered the room where we were ſitting, juſt as her mother was in the paroxyſm of her anguiſh, and learning the lamentable occaſion, they began to cry in uniſon, and to mingle their tears in the ſame torrent of agonizing affliction. The reſult *was* that I loſt my reſolution (which by the bye I had been ſome time collecting) and deſired the amiable creatures would wipe their eyes, and do whatever they thought proper; promiſing to give them no more ſuch cauſe of ſorrow for the future; but the reſult *will be*, and that ſhortly, if they increaſe the expences of improvement ſo rapidly as they have of late, that thoſe of the houſhold muſt be diminiſhed, or the premiſes mortgaged to pay for the embelliſhments.

Under

Under my late promiſe, I dare not demur again to their meaſures; tho' I am convinced that my yielding to their whims is not only wrong, but betrays a want of ſpirit. My requeſt is therefore that you will take my caſe into conſideration, and write ſome Monitory which (as we take in your paper) may teach them the fatal tendency of their proceedings, before they proceed too far.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

FRANCIS FONDLING.

P. S. The milder you reaſon with them the better; for if you once argue *authoritatively*, their ſenſibility may be too deeply affected.

F. F.

[No. VIII.]

" OPIDIUS, that old chuff, and richly poor,
" Who wanted e'en the wealth he had in ſtore;
" That on feaſt-days did meaneſt wine provide
" In earthen jugs; and lees on all beſide;
" Lay in a lethargy, all hope was gone,
" And now his joyful heir ran up and down,
" And ſeiz'd the cheſts and keys as all his own.
" This the kind doctor ſaw, and this deſign
" He us'd for cure; he brought a table in,
" And ordered ſome to tumble o'er his coin:
" This rouz'd him; then he cries, Sir, you're undone:
" Wake, Sir, and watch; or elſe your money's gone:
" Your heirs will ſeize it. *What, while I'm alive?*
" Then wake and ſhew it: Sir! come, come, revive.
" *What muſt I do?* Eat, Sir: What are you loth?
" Pray, take this little diſh of barley broth.
" *What doth it coſt?* Not much, upon my word.
" *How much pray?* Why two groats. *Two groats! O Lord!*
" *'Tis the ſame thing to me to be undone*
" *By thieves, or phyſick; Doctor, I'll have none.*"

CHEECH's HOR. *Satyr* III. *Book* 2.

THE moſt grievous ſtate of Poverty, and yet the leaſt deſerving of compaſſion, is when a man is poſſeſſed of plenty, and enjoys nothing. He who has but a bare ſufficiency to ſatisfy the actual wants of Nature (and they are but few indeed) is far richer than him who has the wealth of Crœſus and durſt not venture to make

make uſe of it. Poverty, like all other misfortunes, wears its moſt terrific aſpect at a diſtance: They only are affrighted thereat who fear it; thoſe to whom it is familiar feel no horror in its company. He who refuſes to uſe that which he now has, leſt he ſhould expend his ſtore, muſt be miſerable: He who has only a proviſion for the preſent, and enjoys it, may be happy.

How wretched muſt that wretch be, who voluntarily ſuffers hunger and cold, rather than part with the paltry price which he muſt pay to appeaſe the one and to aſſwage the other! How the horrors muſt crawl upon the ſordid elf who would rather endure diſeaſe and pain, than be at the expence of medicine and aſſiſtance. It is not long that I have been *convinced* how low the boaſted dignity of human nature can deſcend. I always knew it was the practice of the Stoicks to trample upon their affections and deſires, and to feaſt the mind rathar than the body. SENECA, who was himſelf very rich, ſays, "A little bread and water "is enough; all beſides is ſuperfluous." Yet, the Stoicks, confeſſing that Nature required ſatiety, granted her that ſatiety, tho' no more. Thoſe only uſed temperance, when they might have lived luxurioufly, that they might be content to live abſtemiouſly on a reverſe of fortune: They were not afraid to uſe their riches, nor did they dread want; but they were determined that no ſtate, either of proſperity or adverſity, ſhould ſhake their virtue. I never could believe till lately that a human being, naturally robuſt and ſtrong, would emacerate his body, and literally ſtarve himſelf for twenty years together, merely becauſe he dreaded that he might otherwiſe become poor. Yet this was exactly the caſe with a perſon who lately died in the county of Cornwall. ... I was laſt

laſt winter at St. Ives, where a man, apparently above fifty, with a long dirty beard, which nearly hid a viſage I thought I had ſome knowledge of, beſought my charity: His face was the thinneſt I had ever ſeen; and the protuberance of his hips and ribbs were conſpicuous through their miſerable covering, which conſiſted of an old great coat, woefully chequered with holes and patches; ... as to ſhirt, or waiſtcoat, he had none: It was piteous cold; and the wretched beggar ſhivered. I could not withold compaſſion: He took the mite I gave him, with a trembling hand; put it into a little bag which hung within his garment, near his ſtomach; then pronounced his bleſſing with a languid voice, and left me. The idea that I had heretofore known his features became much ſtronger, as I took time to reflect on the uncommon wretchedneſs of his aſpect. It at laſt ſtruck me that his countenance reſembled that of a young gentleman I had formerly been acquainted with in London, who had turned all he had into ready money, and retired into the country, without acquainting a ſingle individual either where or why. It was near twenty years ſince; and all his acquaintance ſuppoſed him to be dead, as they had made fruitleſs enquiries after him in almoſt every corner of the kingdom. .... I determined to follow the mendicant, and learn the truth or fallacy of my conjecture. I ſoon overtook him, for he was ſo extremely weak that he could ſcarcely ſupport the little weight of his own ſkeleton; the fleſh on which was indeed no incumbrance to him. Is not your name ***** ? ſaid I. He ſtared at me like one aſtoniſhed; but made me no reply. I repeated my queſtion; told him who I was; and aſſured him that I knew him. The ſurprize I threw him into had confirmed my opinion. He told me I was miſtaken; that he neither knew me, nor any perſon

ſon of the name I had mentioned. So ſaying, he wiſhed me a good day, and endeavouring to accelerate his pace, he immediately departed. I ſtill determined to follow him wherever he ſhould go. He perceived my intention, and made a few turnings in order to avoid me; but Nature was at length ſo exhauſted, that he was forced to give in juſt as he reached the threſhold of his habitation, which he had paſſed twice before. He was obliged to lean againſt the door-poſt, and muſt have fallen, had I not ſuddenly ſtept up and took him by the arm. Very reluctantly, he permitted me to lead him into a ſtinking room, with a ſtone floor; no fire: nor any furniture, unleſs a ſtool, a ſack, a broken porringer, and ſome ſhavings, may be ſo termed. I helped to ſeat him on the ſtool; and he ſoon fainted. There was ſome water in the porringer, with which I ſprinkled his forehead, and chafed his temples: I had very fortunately a ſmelling-bottle, which I repeatedly applied to his noſtrils. In about half an hour he opened his eyes; and, after a ſhort ſtare at me, he fixed them ſtedfaſtly on the oppoſite corner of the room. I made him drink ſome of the water, and told him I would fetch ſomewhat to comfort him; but recollecting that I had given him what trifle of caſh I had about me, I deſired that he would ſupply me with the neceſſary to procure it from his linen bag; adding, that I would call on him in the afternoon, and take the moſt effectual methods in my power to remove and to relieve him. He eagerly folded his arms acroſs his ſtomach, as tho' he feared that I ſhould rob him; and, riſing with great difficulty, endeavoured to move towards that end of the room on which his eyes were rivetted: But his weakneſs would not permit; and my aſſiſtance was again neceſſary to prevent his fall. Being once more ſeated on his ſtool, he

told me that he had been three days confined to his room by a violent pleuriſy, during which time he had not broke his faſt; that his diſorder having abated, he had gone out that morning to implore the means of ſuſtenance from the charitable; that as I had ſupplied him therewith, he was exceedingly obliged to me; but would by no means give me further trouble, as he hoped, after a little more reſt, he ſhould be able to walk out and procure refreſhment. Vexed to the quick at his conſumate obſtinacy, I left him, with a determination to bring him proper nouriſhment and aſſiſtance, and to reſcue him from his diſtreſſing dilema, whether he was willing or not. Within a hour I returned with a friend, and all thoſe matters I judged immediately neceſſary for his revival. On our entering the room, I perceived him at that end of it which he had before made a fruitleſs attempt to walk to, and to which he muſt now have crawled. He lay on his left ſide, with his left arm extended, and the fingers ſtretched out to their utmoſt length, ſo asnearly to touch a little aperture near the bottom of the wall; his right hand was placed on that ſide, as tho' to eaſe him in a renewal of his pain, which his exertion had probably brought on. He was a corpſe, and the moſt ghaſtly I ever had beheld. My curioſity led me to examine the hole which he muſt have been endeavouring to reach in the agonies of death. The firſt things I drew out were a little rubble and ſome brown paper; then a large canvas bag, containing ſomething conſiderably more ponderous. This I immediately emptied, and, with my friend, counted above four thouſand pounds in notes and caſh! There were ſeveral memorandums in the ſame receptacle, which proved him to be the identical perſon I had thought him; and that ſince his poſſeſſion of this ſum it had remained untouched, although he had endured an

almoſt

almoſt uninterrupted ſeries of ill health, and procured no other ſubſiſtance than precarious charities: The only reaſon which I could gather was from the following couplet:

"Learn to be frugal while you can and may,
"And ſave ſupport for nature in decay."

He had been from the age of twenty-one to forty actually killing himſelf with all the lingering pains of penury, from the dread of being poor in the decline of life. What a continual hell he muſt have carried about him can only be deſcribed by our conceptions; for my part, I know of no words which can expreſs the horror I experienced at the idea.

As his family live in repute, I enjoined ſecrecy to my friend; and after having his body interred, I tranſmitted all that occupied his ſoul to his relations.

H.

[No. IX.]

"Servant of truth, and in that ſervice bold."

"Pleas'd to promote the welfare of mankind;
"And by informing meliorate the mind!
"Such the bright taſk committed to his care:
"Boundleſs its uſe; but its completion rare."

ANON.

WHATEVER notions the world may be pleaſed to form of my intentions in publiſhing the preſent work, I cannot be accountable for; nor I have the leaſt inclination to endeavor my exculpation from the charges brought againſt me ſince the firſt weekly publication. A writer, who ſubſcibes himſelf *Detector*, has found out that I am an enthuſiaſt; another, who ſtiles himſelf *A True Churchman*, has diſcovered that I am an hypocrite; an annonymous correſpondent inſiſts upon it that I muſt be an *Arian*, becauſe I have not once mentioned the name of the Bleſſed Saviour in either of my Monitories; and a fourth hero of the quill, who calls himſelf *A Friend to Vital Religion*, accuſes me of levity, and ſuperficial reaſoning, and ſeems to expreſs his aſtoniſhment, rather angrily, that I have not held out the doctrines of deſtruction and damnation, *in terrorem*, to the world. But I think it neceſſary to make ſome remarks on their various letters, by way of Monitory to thoſe very ſagacious, diſcerning, and charitable cenſurers.

1. When they think proper to criticiſe upon, or find fault with the labors of another, they ſhould take care not to run into extremes:

extremes: For inſtance, when *Mr. Detector* is pleaſed to think that he has ſprung an enthuſiaſt, he ſhould cautiouſly conceal that he is himſelf an enemy *to all Religion.* The *True Churchman*, when he calls out hypocrite, ſhould not have confeſſed in the next line that he ſeldom attends public worſhip.

2. When they are meekly diſpoſed to call names, they would do well to aſcertain previouſly, what names will beſt apply to the perſon they intend to beſpatter with them; I am certain that I may as well be called dunce becauſe I have not ſaid that two and two make four, when my diſcourſe had not the leaſt analogy to arithmetic, as an Arian becauſe I have not brought forward the name of the Bleſſed Saviour, when I was not treating of his holy goſpel.

3. When they are inclined to accuſe others of levity and ſuperficial reaſoning, they ſhould at leaſt be conſiſtent; and not lightly aſſert the one without adducing proof, nor the other without ſome more ſolid argument than their own exclamations. The *Friend to Vital Religion* muſt adduce ſomewhat more weighty, before he can perſuade me, that every thing is levity which does not paint the joys of Heaven, and all reaſoning ſuperficial which does not terrify us with the pains of Hell.

I have likewiſe had the honor to receive many complimentary letters, which I ſhould be thought arrogant in producing; yet I will exert myſelf to the uttermoſt that their good opinion be not in vain; but that, in the words of one of them, I ſhall be able "to furniſh our children's children with a library worthy of pre-"ſervation to the end of time."

I inſert

I inſert the following letter, which I received previous to the firſt publication, becauſe ſome of my real intentions are expreſſed in it.

MR. MONITOR,

IT was with the utmoſt ſatisfaction, I read that a weekly publication, whoſe baſis is to be Morality, would be uſhered into our preſence by an editor of your title. When I communicated your advertiſement to my family, which conſiſts of two grown up daughters, and a boy about fourteen, who is juſt come from ſchool with a view of being apprenticed to ſome trade, we had a long diſcourſe on the nature and limits of your office; and on my hinting, that you would probably extend your authority to the article of dreſs, MARIA, the eldeſt girl, who is rather of a gay turn, exclaimed, ſomewhat haſtily, that perhaps you meant to ſet up as a *Reformer of Faſhions*, and, like many other editors of periodical publications, to exhibit your wit and talents by reflections on the ladies; adding that you have no right to meddle with matters which do not concern you. LAURA, who is of a more ſerious diſpoſition, expreſſed a hope that you would at leaſt take notice of the enormities in dreſs; that it was your duty to give information of every thing which came within your obſervation deſerving reproof: and that you would do well to lay down ſuch rules for avoiding cenſure in this particular, that by our ſtrict adherence to them, we may never incur it. Jack, who has himſelf been frequently a Monitor at ſchool, immediately took upon him to deſcribe the extent and prerogative of the office, from his own experience. When I have been appointed to this dignity

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(ſaid he, with a ſcholaſtic air, and a look which ſufficiently evinced the degree of conſequence he ſuppoſed attached to it) it was my primary object to ſee that the boys had their faces and hands waſhed, and their heads combed; then, tho' I did not indeed concern myſelf with the ſhape or colour of their cloaths, I took notice if they were bruſhed; and, if in any inſtance, there appeared a want of decency, I thought it as much my duty to *note* the ſame as any neglect in their application to their reſpective ſtudies. I could not help ſmiling at this ſpeech of Mr. JOHN, who pronounced it in a tone ſo pedantic, that his ſiſter MARIA laughed aloud; and LAURA gravely obſerved to him, that tho' it was very right for boys to waſh themſelves, comb their hair, and bruſh their coats, the public would hardly think it neceſſary to pay for lectures on thoſe ſubjects. I now obſerved to them, that tho' you had given no intimitation of your particular intentions, yet as the word MONITOR meant a *Reformer of Diſorders*, as well as a Counſellor, Adviſer, Overlooker, &c. you would undoubtedly, whenever you thought it neceſſary, make mention of ſuch diſorders as ſtand in need of a reform; and that not only negligence in dreſs was a diſorder, but every prepoſterous affectation in it: That as you intended the general improvement in morality, it might be requiſite occaſionally both to ſhame Meanneſs and to humble Pride. LAURA wiſhed to know if you would inſert divine poems, as ſhe is very fond of compoſing them, and deſirous that they may ſometimes afford matter of contemplation to the public as well as of amuſement to herſelf: MARIA, who is likewiſe a votary of the muſes, alſo declared, that if you would introduce ſonnets you ſhould be welcome to her occaſional aſſiſtance, provided you do not indulge yourſelf in ſeverities upon faſhions. I told them, that

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as you had determined to publiſh original eſſays both in proſe and verſe, you would, doubtleſs, be obliged to them for whatever they ſhould favor you with. They inſtantly agreed to a competitorſhip in poetic beauties; and you may expect moſt excellent ſpecimens of morality from the one; the moſt exalted ideas of religion, without fanaticiſm, from the other. .... My ſon queried, whether you meant to prefix Latin and Greek mottos to your eſſays, after the manner of the SPECTATOR, which he has read; adding, that if you did, his late maſter and the uſher could furniſh you with a multitude of them, and that he could ſupply you with one, which was, "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*:" [Let not the ſhoemaker go beyond his laſt.] I replied, that the Latin motto which he had thought proper to remember, poſſibly becauſe there is neither Greek or Latin in your advertiſement, was a reflection on your edudcation in which he was not warranted: That it was of no conſequence to your deſign, whether you underſtood thoſe languages or not; provided you could "amend the heart" by plain reaſoning, in plain Engliſh; But that whenever he, or his maſter, or his maſter's uſher, ſhould think it worth while to ſend you any inſtructive eſſays, with quotations from the Greek and Latin, either as mottos or otherwiſe, I preſumed you had no objection to inſert ſuch ſpecimens of *their* erudition, tho' you might chuſe to convey your own ſentiments and quotations in your own tongue. He then promiſed to dedicate a part of his leiſure to your paper: I therefore look forward, with a moſt pleaſing anxiety, for a repoſitory wherein will be treaſured up the literary productions of my own family.

SIMON SMOOTHLY.

[No. X.]

[No. X.]

With comfort's balm the drooping ſoul to cheer;
From ſorrow's cheek to wipe the trick'ling tear;
To baniſh grief, and eaſe the aching heart;
To ſpoil keen anguiſh of its piercing dart;
To guard the ſtripling from each youthful ſnare;
And ſhield the old from poverty and care.

PHILANTHROPY, or a ſincere regard for our fellow creatures, is of all the virtues that can adorn the human mind the moſt ineſtimable and the moſt deſerving our regard and veneration: It is the ſtrengthener of all private friendſhips, the foundation and ſupport of all ſocieties, and without which we ſhould be deprived of the chief enjoyments of this life; it conveys through the channel of its poſſeſſion relief to the diſtreſſed, eaſe to the afflicted, food to the hungry, and cloathing to the naked, and inſures to the Philanthropiſt uninterrupted peace and tranquility here and a clear unſhadowed proſpect of eternal happineſs hereafter.

Man is born not for himſelf alone, he is bound by the laws of nature to give aſſiſtance to his fellow creatures, and in like manner has a demand on them for relief in the time of need; I conceive it neceſſary therefore for the happineſs of *all* that *every one* ſhould in ſome degree or other poſſeſs a ſhare of this virtue. If we look into the holy Scriptures we ſhall find philanthropy predominant in the actions of many men whoſe lives are there portrayed in the ſtrongeſt colours, evidently for the purpoſe of conciliating the veneration of thoſe who in after ages ſhould peruſe that beſt of books

books and thereby be enabled to form a true knowledge of the duty of man. Our Bleſſed Redeemer was himſelf a pattern of excellence: In him we ſee a righteous God, a glorious Redeemer, a beneficial King, a loving Father, and a true Friend; he went about doing good, and at length offered himſelf up as a ſacrifice for the benefit of mankind. His diſciples, the choſen twelve, and all thoſe religious characters we meet with in the New Teſtament, modelled their manners and lives after the mould of their ſacred MONITOR; but as every thing I can offer in eulogy of the excellencies of thoſe holy perſonages will be inadequate to their merit, I will paſs them over with a tacit regret of my inability to do juſtice to their almoſt inimitable virtues.

If we take a view of the lives of many who now live, or who have within ſome years trod this ſtage of life, we ſhall ſee them imitating their Bleſſed Redeemer, by continual acts of charity and benevolence to their fellow creatures. Let me but call the attention of my readers to that true pattern of Chriſtian excellence, the ever to be remembered EDWARD COLSTON; a man whoſe only aim ſeems to have been to do good, whoſe ſole ambition was to be approved the friend of mankind, and who employed the wealth committed to his care in gladdening the hearts of the diſtreſſed. This city is bleſſed for having given birth to ſuch a man, and in particular was the ſeat of his goodneſs. Let thoſe who experience has taught, ſpeak to what they have enjoyed from his foundations. The many alms-houſes and charity-ſchools in and about Briſtol which he founded, or contributed very largely to the ſupport of, are monuments of his piety and goodneſs never to be obliterated; and eſpecially that noble ſeminary of learning which

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ſtill bears the name of its founder. Many who have from thence received that ineſtimable jewel education will join with me in ſaying he was a true Philanthropiſt.

Doubtleſs there are others to be found who make Philanthropy the rule and guide of their actions, and it is devoutly to be wiſhed they were more numerous; we ſhould not then ſee ſo many little ragged hungry mortals daily walk the ſtreets imploring our charity. England has ſeen a HANWAY; and with grief we ſay, that HOWARD is no more. ..... Again, a tribute of praiſe is moſt certainly due to the encouragers of the pious inſtitution of Sunday ſchools, the only probable means of leſſening the number of public executions, of pouring the balm of comfort into the wounds of the poor and wretched, of training up the younger generations to virtue and morality, and to enable them in after ages to relieve the miſerable with as much warmth as they are now relieved. ..... Proceed ye generous ſouls in your pious undertaking; and be aſſured, that tho' thoſe who feel the good effects of your works will never be able but by their prayers to reward ye, yet there is a reward prepared for you, which no one will dare attempt to deprive you of. May you live long and happy; and when the ſable meſſenger of terrors ſhall come, may you ſink down in peace, amidſt the prayers of thouſands, who will with pleaſure engrave your names on their hearts, ſeeing how much more noble is "the "character of the friend of mankind than that of the conqueror "of nations."

A. S.

Briſtol, Sept. 1, 1790.

I have

I have to acknowledge a very uſeful hint from the writer of the foregoing, and to deſire that he would furniſh me with ſome of the neceſſary articles for improving it. His advice "Never to "make free with the contents of cotemporary writers," cannot, conſiſtently with the duties of my ſtation, be conſtantly complied with. The productions of the preſs frequently need reproof, and it would be exceedingly wrong not to check the growth of avowed impiety, which is the moſt reprehenſible and dangerous evil that can diſgrace a nation profeſſing Chriſtianity.

That I may not be accuſed of locality, becauſe the preceding Eſſay, as well as the next number, and many others which may follow, treat particularly of perſons and things in Briſtol, the ſeat of publication; I moſt ardently entreat my numerous readers in the metropolis, and elſewhere, to honor me not only with their ſentiments on whatever deſerves commendation in their ſeveral places of reſidence, but on ſubjects which merit notice in any part of the known world.

[No. XI.]

"Callous the heart of him, who ne'er
"O'er human mis'ry ſheds a tear."

ANON.

WE are apt to be enthuſiaſtic in our commiſeration of miſery, when the objects of it immediately preſent themſelves; and too frequently become languid in our compaſſion, when we are habituated

tuated to the view of them. Whether the ſudden impulſe of ſympathetic condolence, in ſuſceptible minds, by too violently ſtraining the chords of ſenſibility, cauſe them to relax and loſe their ſtrength of tone; or whether the vaſt variety of ſubjects which continually paſs before the imagination, in the moſt rapid ſucceſſion, imperceptibly draw off the powers of cogitation, and employ them on a multitude of ideas, till they again become collectively intent on ſomewhat which arreſts our contemplation by ſurprize; I will not at preſent take upon myſelf to ſay: But the truth of the obſervation cannot be better elucidated, than by noticing the ſtrenuous avidity with which charitable inſtitutions are generally encouraged when *novel;* and how little thoſe are attended to, by the bulk of the people, which have been *long* eſtabliſhed. ... The exerciſe of humanity is indeed at all times, and in all caſes, truly noble, abſolutely great, and worthy of the higheſt commendation; but yet it ſeems rather ſtrange, that when we become tranſported as it were with one idea of pity, we ſhould loſe ſight of others with which we have been equally enraptured, and which ſtill deſerve their proportionable ſhare, perhaps the preeminence in our compaſſion. .... Many are the writers whoſe pens have been engaged, and numerous the orators whoſe powers have been laudably employed, in pouring forth their praiſes on the late inſtitution of a Magdalen Hoſpital in the city of Briſtol; while ſcarce a breath of eclat is to be heard in honor of that moſt philanthropic inſtitution the Briſtol Infirmary.

I have been induced to write this Monitory on receiving the following beautiful and pathetically poetic picture, drawn in favor of the former charity; which I hope will ſtimulate ſome correſpondent,

pondent, who has drank at the Heliconean ſpring, to tune his lays in behalf of the latter.

MR. MONITOR,

BEING a warm advocate for the late benevolent inſtitution of an aſylum for penitent proſtitutes in this city, and fond of exerciſing my fancy in poetic drawings, I have ſketched the following for your compilation [which I wiſh every poſſible ſucceſs] and am, with the utmoſt reſpect,

Your very humble ſervant,

PETER PENCIL.

Briſtol, Sept. 1, 1790.

P. S. You will perceive perhaps that I have traced the outlines from an original.

DINAH's DEATH.

BORN to the fondneſs of her parents' joy,
The laſt ſweet pledge of their un'bating love;
How did her preſent bliſs their cares employ:
How for her tranſient happineſs they ſtrove!

Indulg'd, belov'd, careſs'd, and fed with ſmiles,
Her years of childhood knew of no rebuke;
She taſted all of what the parent ſtiles
Affection .... but, alas! too oft miſtook.

Affection!

Affection! ſuch as is to children due,
Is not the leaving unreſtrain'd the will;
For ſad Experience tells how oft they rue
Who leave uncheck'd each paſſion prone to ill.

As did her perſon, ſo her beauty grew;
Her parents ſaw it with delighted eyes:
And, as for her they glanc'd the future view,
They look'd for wealth, or grandeur, as her prize.

Oft would her mother, with ambitious joy,
Declare her daughter worthy of a crown;
And the fond father would her heart decoy
With anxious wiſhes for his child's renown.

Nor was the lovely DINAH leſs aware
That Nature deck'd her with diſtinguiſh'd charms;
She vainly look'd for the falſe glitt'ring glare
Of pomp and pride, as deſtin'd for her arms.

Imprudent hopes! nor beauty, wealth, or pride,
Nor all the tinſel notions form'd of ſtate,
Are in the leaſt to happineſs ally'd,
Or tend to make their owner truly great.

O that betimes had DINAH's parents taught,
Self-will's an utter ſtranger to content;
That calm ſubmiſſion is with pleaſure fraught,
An humble mind a bliſs from Heaven ſent.

Then, 'tis the will of Reaſon to ſuppoſe,
She ne'er had miſery or ruin known;
Nor had her mother ſunk beneath thoſe woes
Her daughter's fate entailed on her own.

A cruel ſpoiler, practiſed in wiles
To deal deſtruction where he ſhould protect,
With gaudy ſnares, and hypocritic ſmiles,
Entic'd, ſeduc'd, then left her to neglect.

Robb'd of her hopes, her mother frantic grew,
A raging fever ſent her to the grave:
A father's tender love no more ſhe knew,
That love its place to deteſtation gave.

He barr'd his doors, and *never saw her more!*
The ſad defaulter to the world he left;
The tawdry proſpect of falſe grandeur o'er,
Of balmy comfort's e'ery ſource bereft.

Baſe as her vile ſeducer, ſoon ſhe found
Too many a temporary devotee;
And Vice and Folly, in perpetual round,
In vain, were try'd to give her moment's glee.

Loſt to the joys of innocence and peace,
Th' unhappy female ruſhed to deſpair;
As did her ſorrows and her woes increaſe,
So did the roſe and lilly diſappear.

Ill fated

Ill fated girl! nor did her beauty fade
Alone; ... that form, ſo lovely once! decay'd:
Her tender frame did vile diſeaſe invade,
Whilſt on her mind a hoſt of horrors prey'd.

Alas! I ſaw her drooping, as ſhe walk'd;
I ſaw her ſink beneath her load of grief;
No help was near, but Death, who grimly ſtalk'd,
And ſhook his dart, as loth to give relief.

Where is Philanthropy! Compaſſion! where?
See ye the joyleſs ſubject of my theme?
O ſend ſome friend, or fonder parent, here,
To ſoothe her woes and cauſe her hopes to gleam.

Alas! nor friend, nor parent, (hapleſs lot!)
Had ſhe to ſoothe, or miniſter, or wail:
No! 'twas her doom with morbid pains to rot,
And vent her tears and groans without avail.

Forlorn, and deſtitute, and friendleſs wretch!
Can Pity turn her pearly eye from thee?
Will no Samaritan his hand outſtretch,
And drop into thy wounds his charity?

Surely thy crimes are not ſo deep in dye
That Mercy ſtarts, indgnant, from the view:
No! miſerable girl! the artful lye
Of ſome deſigning villain ruin'd you.

On him let Vengeance rather pour its ire,
  Whilſt kind Benevolence ſhall ſet thee free,
Shall bid thy complicated ills retire,
  And from the jaws of Death ſhall reſcue thee.

She heard my voice, and juſt uplift her head;
  Her quiv'ring lips pronounc'd *It is too late!*
No more ſhe ſaid, her parting ſpirit fled,
  And put a period to her wretched fate.

[No. XII.]

" If a flame all diſhoneſt be vilely profeſs'd,
" Thro' tenderneſs muſt I incline,
" And ſeek to indulge the repoſe of a breaſt
" That would plant endleſs tortures in mine?"

LIBERTINE RECLAIMED.

THERE are but few ſpecies of villainy which I deteſt more than Seduction: There is no meaner coward in nature, than he who entices his unſuſpicious prey by feigned profeſſions of regard and the promiſes of protection. It is no leſs true than ſhocking, that numbers of maſculine animals make it their conſtant ſtudy and practice to ſeek out unprotected females, with the daſtardly deſign of effecting the deſtruction of thoſe who are unable to withſtand them. No perſon can well miſtake the animal I mean, as there is no other ravenous creature but will deſtroy the ſexes indiſcriminately. ... If my readers are not tired of the pathetic, I will

will preſent their feelings with another inſtance of the devaſtation occaſioned by thoſe monſters. It is taken from a work publiſhed about twelve years ſince, intitled,

JOHN BUNCLE's REFLECTIONS on SEDUCTION.

" DEAR MARIA,

" THE ſervant that waited upon us at table, was a clean, " pretty, delicate, country laſs. Neatneſs and ſimplicity were " her apparel; her ornaments were innocence and modeſty; and " on my word, MARIA, ſhe appeared more graceful than many " a Dutcheſs at a birth night! how ſuperiour, O! Nature, are " thy embelliſhments to the little contrivances of art; to the vain " conceits and whimſical inventions of whimſical mortals!

" I was pleaſing myſelf with the proſpect of happineſs this " young creature pobably enjoyed, beyond perſons in a more " elevated ſtation. I hoped that, at ſuch diſtance from the ſeat " of ſeduction, ſhe might eſcape thoſe ſnares which abandoned " men lay to deſtroy humble and dependent beauty. Her agree- " able perſon and artleſs manners, thought I, will probably en- " gage the heart of ſome honeſt ruſtic, with whom ſhe may live " happier in the dowry of mutual affection, than legal proſtitutes " with all their abundance. It really grieved me to learn, how- " ever, that this young creature was infected with that baneful " diſeaſe, more fatal than the plague, a curioſity to ſee the town. " She had conceived the idea, like many other inexperienced girls, " that the city is a place where all are gay, rich, and happy;

" and

" and where large wages, numerous vails, and their miſtreſs's
" clothes, exalt every ſervant to the appearance, and almoſt to the
" rank of a lady. We attempted to undeceive the girl: we re-
" preſented to her the ineligible ſituation of moſt ſervants in
" London; that they burrowed under ground, breathed a cloſe,
" unwholeſome air, and were inevitably doomed to live in darkneſs
" and filth, deprived of thoſe pleaſures a rural ſituation naturally
" affords, without being in a ſtate to enjoy thoſe peculiar to the
" place. We warned her that ſhe would be ſecluded from almoſt
" every *innocent* amuſement and inticed by every *guilty* one.
" We hinted the danger to which her unprotected beauty would
" be particularly expoſed. She reſented our admonitions, which
" ſuggeſted apprehenſions ſo much to her diſhonor; and ſhe ſup-
" ported her reſolutions, by citing a few ſcattered inſtances of the
" remarkably fortunate, whom ſhe conſidered as vouchers for her
" own ſucceſs.

" After the girl had quitted the room, I could not forbear la-
" menting to the company, that a perſon to all appearance ſo well
" diſpoſed, and ſo void of art, ſhould indulge a curioſity that
" may prove her ruin! Who knows, ſaid I, but that this inno-
" cent creature, whoſe ſenſibility will ſcarcely allow us to ſuggeſt
" a hint which reſpects her virtue; who ſhrinks like the ſenſitive
" plant, from the approach of an idea that might ſully her reputa-
" tion, will, in the ſpace of a few months, fall into the hands of
" ſome vile ſeducer, loſe her innocence, that richeſt treaſure,
" and degenerate into the moſt inſolent, indecent, and abandoned
" of her ſex!

" 'Tis

" 'Tis true, ſays Mr. B—— there are too many inſtances of " a ſimilar nature, which authoriſe your apprehenſions. But " while we pity them, it is impoſſible to think of the guilt of their " betrayers without horror and indignation. Altho' ſeduction is " ſcarcely admitted into the liſt of crimes by the polite world, " yet, in my opinion, it is a vice productive of more horrid con- " ſequences, and heightened by more circumſtances of aggrava- " tion, than any one perhaps in the black catalogue. For is " there a crime in which all the principles of honor, honeſty, " and humanity, are ſo ſhamefully violated? What can be more " unjuſt than to deſire a gratification, to the ruin of the object " who beſtows it? What can be more cruel than to deſtroy the " peace of an innocent, it may be of an hoſpitable and benevo- " lent family; than to contaminate a ſpotleſs ſoul; to expoſe to " laſting infamy and perdition one who might have ſuſtained an " honorable ſtation in life; and to reduce to a public nuiſance " the moſt amiable part of our ſpecies? And what can be more " baſe than to make love, that noble paſſion! to make a gene- " rous affection and unbounded confidence in a man's honour, the " ſource of all theſe miſeries? to prey upon the tenderneſs and " humanity of the ſex to their deſtruction? This is, added our " worthy friend, his cheeks glowing with honeſt indignation; " this is, without exaggerating, worſe than brutal cruelty. It is " true, the hungry lion will devour the lovely and inoffenſive " lamb; but they are of different ſpecies: The fierce tyger may " ſpring upon the unwary traveller; but he was a ſtranger, fami- " liarity and kindneſs might have ſubdued his ſavage nature: The " crocodile will deſtroy thoſe whom his hopocritical tears have " deceived; but even he does not make love the maſk of his

" cruelty;

" cruelty: he never ſwore fidelity, nor does he ſeek to obtain a " confidential affection, in order to accompliſh his plan of de- " ſtruction. It is peculiar to man, to civilized and accompliſhed " man, to the fine gentleman, to proſtitute honor and conſcience, " to ſacrifice the nobleſt feelings of his nature, in order to indulge " a brutal appetite. Let them not plead paſſion as their excuſe, " for where there is a genuine paſſion, there will be affection; " and where there is affection, there cannot be cruelty. Profeſ- " ſed rovers betray a want of paſſion, or they would not require " freſh objects to excite it. Yet be it ſo: What a deſpicable " ſlave to his luſts is that wretch who wreſtles with every honeſt " principle, and every humane feeling, in order to gratify them! " He ought to be baniſhed from the ſociety of men, and made " to herd among goats and ſatyrs! ... Is it a principle of vanity " that prompts them to ſo much miſchief? Of what mighty at- " chievements have they to boaſt? They may be able to debauch " the mind of many a young credulous female, without any pre- " tenſions to beauty, wit, or courage. The low arts of lying, " hypocriſy, aſſiduous flattery, and watching every unguarded " moment, are the only qualifications requiſite. The highway- " man may boaſt of heroiſm: Even the lurking thief, and deſpe- " rate aſſaſſin, lay ſome claim to courage; they are expoſed to " dangers from reſiſtance, and ſuffer ignominious puniſhments if " detected. But where is the fortitude of betraying an unwary " female, formed by the ſoftneſs of her nature to compaſſion, and " left unrevenged, as ſhe was unprotected, by any other laws than " thoſe of honor and humanity.

" Theſe noble ſentiments were expreſſed in a manner which " indicated Mr. B—— to be peculiarly affected by the ſubject; " and

" and ſo indeed he was; with how much juſtice the following " narrative will explain.

" I was once intimate, ſaid he, with a very worthy family, ra- " ther above the common rank, in the village of D——, which " is but a few miles diſtant from Buckingham. They thought " themſelves bleſſed with a daughter, their only child, of whom " they were dotingly fond. Every pleaſing, every anxious thought " was about the welfare of their NANCY, for ſo their child was " called. The natural ſweetneſs of her temper, and her amiable " and dutiful deportment towards her parents, were the beſt apo- " logies for the extravagance of their affection. The charms of " her perſon were not inferior to her other excellent qualities. " She was the envy of her own ſex, the admiration of ours, and " gained the heart of many neighbouring youth. One of thoſe " miſcreants whom providence has curſed with a fortune, in whom " the refinements of faſhionable life have poliſhed away every " ſentiment of virtue and humanity; who value themſelves, not " by any ſcale of utility to the public, but in proportion to the " numbers they have ruined, and the difficulties they have ſur- " mounted in accompliſhing their horrrid purpoſes; one of theſe " deſtroyers was prowling about as uſual in ſearch of his prey. " He happened to ſee NANCY as he was riding through the village. " He was ſtruck with her appearance, and enquired about her at " the inn; he became enamoured of her character. He exulted " in the fortunate diſcovery, and meditated her ruin! He return- " ed to the village ſome time after, very much weakened, appa- " rently by a dangerous illneſs, but in fact by ſome briſk cathar- " tics he had taken to give him a temporary indiſpoſition. He " took

" took lodgings at the inn, under a pretext of being peculiarly de-
" lighted with the beauties of the country; alledging alſo that his
" phyſicians had recommended rural exerciſe, in order to complete
" his recovery. He ſoon found means, by the mediation of his
" hoſt, to become acquainted with this benevolent family; who,
" commiſerating his indiſpoſition and ſolitary ſtate, gave him a free
" invitation to their houſe. He gained their confidence by great
" prudence and circumſpection, and confirmed it by inſinuating
" that a diſappointment in love had been the real cauſe of his illneſs.
" Poor NANCY pitied him from her ſoul; and ſhe attempted, by
" a thouſand friendly offices, to diſſipate the counterfeited gloom
" that hung upon his brow. He gradually became more chearful
" and entertaining. At length he affected to have conquered his
" former paſſion, and to have reſolved ever to baniſh from his
" breaſt, the cruel and ungenerous creature who had occaſioned
" his miſery. He made to NANCY a tender of his heart; de-
" claring that the compaſſion ſhe had diſcovered, and her lively
" and amuſing company, had greatly contributed towards his cure,
" and won upon his affections. The artleſs girl could not poſſi-
" bly ſuſpect his baſeneſs, and her pity had already prepared her
" for the kindred impreſſion of love. Having thus gained her
" affection, the next ſtep was to corrupt her principles. This he
" attempted by affecting a refinement of ſentiment; by extolling
" mutual affection and ſympathy of ſoul, as the marriage of nature;
" by ridiculing the ceremony as a matter of mere form, which was
" perfectly indifferent in itſelf; and by repreſenting boundleſs
" confidence as the only genuine teſt of love. He promiſed her
" marriage indeed, but raiſed many objections to its being imme-
" diate; by which however the ardour of his paſſion could by no

" means

" means be reſtrained. He raiſed in her a curioſity to ſee and par-
" take of the diverſions of the town. He ſilenced every ſcruple
" relative to her parents, by perſuading her that their anxiety
" would ſoon be abundantly recompenced, by the tidings of their
" daughter's happy and advantageous marriage. In ſhort the villain
" plied every art of ſeduction, and in a dreadful hour ſucceeded!
" She paid for her credulity! She was loſt by her humanity! ....
" Soon after NANCY had eloped with her gallant to town, I
" happened to call upon the family, with whom I was upon a
" very familiar footing, totally ignorant of the event. The ſer-
" vant informed me that her miſtreſs was in her chamber very
" much indiſpoſed. Without enquiring into particulars, I ran
" up ſtairs with my uſual freedom. The darkened room, and
" deep ſilence of the attendants, checked my haſty ſteps. I en-
" quired after her health. The huſband ſate by the ſide of her
" bed, in too deep a reverie to notice my entrance. I drew
" aſide the curtain, and repeating my queſtion, received a lan-
" guid look of recognition as the only anſwer. I inadvertently
" enquired for her daughter, and expreſſed my wonder that the
" dutiful NANCY was not by to tender her cares. The name
" rouſed this wretched parent from her ſtupor. Oh! my child,
" my child, ſaid ſhe, with wildneſs in her eyes, my child is loſt
" for ever! ..... Imagining that the cold hand of Death had pre-
" maturely cropt this lovely flower, I attempted to adminiſter
" conſolation; and began to expatiate on the evils ſhe had eſca-
" ped, and the happy change ſhe had made in being removed
" from this dangerous and tempeſtuous world. The mother
" ſhrieked and fainted; and her huſband, who had hitherto been
" wrapped in penſive ſilence, wrung his hands, and heaved a
" groan

" groan that pierced me to the ſoul! I found that, ſome how or " other, I had driven a thorn where I intended to pour in the " balm. ... By proper aſſiſtance the diſconſolate mother reco- " vered from her fit, and looking at me with a countenance in- " expreſſibly eager, Oh! Sir, (ſaid ſhe) would to God I had " followed her to the grave; ſhe would have left us with inno- " cence and honor, and her ſoul would have been happy! .... " Again ſhe fainted. .... Theſe inſinuations left me ſpeechleſs. " I was unwilling to believe the fact they hinted; and yet I da- " red not enquire for an explanation. Comfort her I could not; " the caſe did not admit of it. I ſate by the bed, petrified as it " were by the general diſtreſs, and became an additional figure " in this mournful group!

" O thou lovely creature! ſubjoined our benevolent hoſt, a " tear of compaſſion moiſtening his eye, was it to ſatiate the luſt " of a ſeducer, that thy mother watched o'er thy growing charms " with ſuch anxious care! Was it for this, that thy kind parents " beſtowed every accompliſhment a ruſtic education could afford! " Fatal charms! Beauty accurſed! How did they gaze upon " them with raptures; and fondly think the loveliеſt ſwain un- " worthy to poſſeſs thee! Was it that thou mighteſt fall a ſacri- " fice to diſhonor, that thy mother wearied Heaven with her " prayers for thy recovery from a dangerous diſeaſe! Happy! " Inexpreſſibly happy, if Heaven had given her ſupplications to " the wind; and taken thee, unſullied, into the realms of inno- " cence and bliſs!

" The whole company were greatly affected by this intereſting " narrative: Our imagination ran over theſe ſcenes of diſtreſs;

" and

" and for ſome time we continued ſilent. At length compaſſion
" prompted us to make enquiries after the injured family.

" Alas, Sirs, anſwered our worthy friend, ſuch a ſtroke is ir-
" reparable! This was an anguiſh which time itſelf, that ſove-
" reign antidote to moſt calamities, could never have aſſuaged. ...
" The diſconſolate mother died the ſame evening. She is gone
" to thoſe regions *where the wicked cease from troubling!* A
" deep and irrecoverable melancholy ſeized the father, who ſur-
" vived his wife about a twelvemonth. And as to the unfor-
" tunate girl, ſhe was ſoon abandoned by her lover, and left to
" ſupport a miſerable exiſtence by vice and ignominy!"

Notwithſtanding the unuſual length of this number, I cannot forbear annexing the following favor from a correſpondent: The ſubject being immediately to the preſent purport, may be my excuſe.

A Young gentleman had long and ſucceſsfully courted a young lady, but from diſhonorable motives: At length imagining (what was indeed but too true) that her attachment to him was invincible, he hinted ſome baſe overtures, which ſhe rejected with horror. Her reply was ſo pertinently pointed, that the youth could not ſtay to hear it out, but precipitately withdrew. .... However, afterwards recollecting, that there was ſomewhat in her countenance, and indeed in her reply, which ſeemed to confirm him in his firſt conjecture, he ſent her a letter by way of apology, but fraught with ambiguous ſentiments of a nature far from proving ſatisfactory: In anſwer to which ſhe ſent him the following.

To LYSANDER.

FORBEAR, dear youth, the flame to ſtain
  Which love did firſt inſpire;
Nor ſteal a torch from CUPID's fane
  To light unhallow'd fire.

Be it my taſk, by virtuous love,
  Your paſſion to ſecure;
And your's, by gen'rous deeds to prove
  The flame of paſſion pure.

But ſhould ſeductive arts ſucceed,
  Were I your prey became,
Say, could you bleſs the ungen'rous deed
  That robb'd me of my fame?

Your gen'rous ſoul muſt ſure deteſt
  The virtuous to undo,
And plant a dagger in that breaſt
  Which beats for love and you.

Then try not, by unworthy guile,
  My innocence to ſtain;
Nor wiſh that boſom to defile
  Where love and virtue reign.

If love and youthful frailty join'd
  Should e'er my vows diſarm;

Then,

Then, let me in your honor fin'd
A ſafe retreat from harm.

X. X.

[No. XIII.]

" How great a virtue 'tis, how great a good,
" To live content, and with a little food."

CHEECH's HOR. *Satyr* II. *Book* 2.

WHAT a little ſhare of ratiocination can appertain to thoſe beings whoſe *summum bonum* is to gratify the palate? Of what inſignificant conſequence to ſociety are thoſe mortals whoſe time and talents are ſolely occupied with the ſenſual concern of ſtudying, providing, and devouring dainties? But tho' they are of the moſt trivial importance to mankind, yet to themſelves they afford the greateſt variety of buſtle, the moſt confuſed intermixture of ſucceſſes and diſappointments, of anxiety and eaſe, of pain and pleaſure, of happineſs and miſery, that can be imagined. And to their juſtly merited vexation, their delights are in the purſuit and expectation of their object; their chagrin and mortification in the diſſatisfaction of the poſſeſſion. How the imagination muſt be ſtrained to invent " a diſh of nightingales' rumps, ſtewed in " dew gathered from roſe-leaves?" What pleaſure muſt the ſenſual mind expect from the enjoyment of ſuch a luxury? And yet how little the nutriment it can afford the ſtomach? What a ridiculous fancy to expect ſatisfaction from that which only excites a renewal of deſires, but cannot allay them! How much

ſweeter

ſweeter does the plow-boy gnaw his cruſt? How infinitely more contented does the tired mechanic eat his coarſe and ſcanty pittance? How often does the crude and undigeſted rarity cauſe ſickneſs and diſeaſe? And how frequently does the epicurean loth the morſel which he has tarried for with the moſt impatient longing? SENECA ſays, "Thoſe falſe and miſerable palates that "judge of meats by the price and difficulty, not by the healthfulneſs or taſte; they vomit that they may eat; and they eat "that they may fetch it up again: They croſs the ſeas for rari"ties; and when they have ſwallowed them, they will not ſo "much as give them time to digeſt." The ſame author very rationally obſerves, that "It it a ſhame for a man to place his "felicity in thoſe entertainments and appetites that are ſtronger "in brutes." Yet brutes, tho' naturally prone to ſenſual appetites, will prefer the food moſt agreeable to their ſtomachs, and moſt eaſy to digeſt: An ox grazing in a fat paſture, will be content with that which Nature has there provided for him; he does not covet the product of the encloſed garden. There is no country inhabited by mankind, but produces ſufficient to ſupply their natural wants: But theſe prefer that which muſt be procured at a great expence, from places remote and difficult of acceſs, to that which is at hand and would coſt but little; tho' the latter be as nutritive to them as the rich herbage to the ox, and the latter the known bane of health. What a diſagreeable being an epicurean is to thoſe immediately about him, may be partly conceived from the following letter. And what a diſlike the antients had to ſuch voluptuaries may be underſtood from the future puniſhment which the poet has deſcribed for them.

"They

" They lie below on golden beds diſplay'd,
" And genial feaſts with regal pomp are made:
" The Queen of Furies by their ſide is ſet,
" And ſnatches from their mouths th' untaſted meat;
" Which if they touch, her hiſſing ſnakes ſhe rears,
" Toſſing her torch, and thund'ring in their ears."

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL, *Æn.* VI.

MR. MONITOR,

MY huſband has greater need of your advice and admonition than any other man in England: If he is pleaſed for a moment, he is afterwards perplexed for a month: If he is happy for a day, he is miſerable for a twelvemonth. The whole of his misfortune (and it is not a little one) is a ſqueamiſh appetite, which it is almoſt impoſſible either to pleaſe or ſatisfy. Scarce a minute can be ſpared to make the neceſſary proviſion for the family, who are almoſt continually obliged to put up with what they can catch, but all our employment is to endeavour at the gratification of his palate. Were you to ſee him in the kitchen, you would fancy him delirious: He ſkips about like a Merry-Andrew; ſhoves one this way, another the other; and drives every thing before him: By his eagerneſs to forward every cullinary preparation, you would ſuppoſe that he was famiſhing; yet ſcarcely any thing is put before him of which he can eat five mouthfuls. What is then to be done? Why ſomewhat elſe muſt be got ready, which, perhaps, his ſtomach may take better. All the buſtle of the kitchen is immediately renewed; the cook trembles, and every ſoul is in a flurry; for each failure in our attempts to pleaſe him

him puts him into the moſt violent paſſion, and he indiſcriminately reproaches all about him. He cannot keep a cook above a month, nor any other ſervant longer than a quarter: But for my part, I am obliged to be the perpetual ſlave of his voluptuouſneſs; and doom'd to make unremitted exertions to felicitate the ſtomach of a man who is continually fancying dainties, and as conſtantly diſpleaſed with them. But this incurable malady not only tends to make us unhappy; it has nearly cauſed the expenditure of a conſiderable portion I brought him at our marriage: And no wonder; for there is no luxury which can be heard of but it muſt be purchaſed immediately, coſt what it will; nor any new mode of gratifying the appetite, but it muſt be inſtantly adopted, whatever the expence. Do, good Sir, either write ſome preſcription for his diſorder, or adviſe me how to procure ſome relaxation from the torment it annexes to the life of

Your diſtreſſed humble ſervant,

PALENCIA PATIENCE.

My advice to Mrs. PATIENCE is to wait patiently till her epicure has totally expended his all: Neceſſity will then preſcribe effectually for him. She may then, indeed, as well as now, "be obliged to put up with what ſhe can catch;" but I venture to ſtake my credit, that the ſqueamiſhneſs of her huſband's appetite will not torment her.

[No. XIV.]

[No. XIV.]

" Theſe are thy glorious works, Parent of Good!
" Almighty! Thine this univerſal frame,
" Thus wondrous fair; Thyſelf how wondrous then!
" Unſpeakable! who ſitt'ſt above theſe heav'ns,
" To us inviſible, or dimly ſeen
" In theſe Thy loweſt works: Yet theſe declare
" Thy goodneſs beyond thought, and pow'r divine."

MILTON.

THERE cannot be a more pleaſing ſtudy, nor can any thing tend more to promote our happineſs than Truth: It is therefore not only to our intereſt, but an inexpreſſible ſatisfaction, when the mind is engaged in the purſuit of ſo deſirable an object. ..... When we contemplate the immenſity of ſpace, and conſider that not a particle thereof is unoccupied, how are we filled with amazement, and tranſported with the idea of His omnipotence who is the Author of life and motion! When we reflect on the infinite diſtance between us and our Creator, to which that betwixt us and the moſt contemptible reptile will not bear the ſlighteſt comparison, how are we delighted with wonder, and how deeply ought we to be impreſſed with gratitude, that we experience the goodneſs of His Providence, and partake continually of His protection! .... That reverential awe which ſhould ever accompany us, as beings not only immediately within the notice of, but unremittingly upheld by the power of Him who gave us exiſtence, is ſufficient, of itſelf, to keep our minds in a conſtant habit of ſubmiſſion to His divine will, and to awaken the moſt grateful and exquiſite

exquiſite ſenſations of thoſe bleſſings, which we are conſtantly receiving at His hands: Yet it is as certain as it is aſtoniſhing, that the majority of mankind are habitually inſenſible of His preſence; and that countleſs myriads of His creatures are totally unthankful for His mercies!

Let us for a moment ſuppoſe, that ſome ſuper-eminent mortal could create a fly (tho' it is impoſſible for all the men in the univerſe even to preſerve its exiſtence for one moment after it is created) could enable it to know his will, make it ſenſible that he was the author of its being, and give it power to obey and pleaſe him: How would he feel himſelf hurt, if the inſect ſhould not only be unconcerned at his preſence, but alſo regardleſs of his bounty and diſobedient to his will? How much more muſt our irreverence be diſpleaſing to our Maker?

But it is ſtill more ſurprizing, that there are rational beings who deny the Almighty the glorious work of His creation! ..... Thoſe who aſcribe our exiſtence to Chance, would do well to conſider, that, if it has the power they allow it, they are conſequently bound in duty to be grateful thereto for all their faculties both of ſoul and body: And as Chance cannot be regular, or the ſame in all caſes, ſo *that* particular fortuitous power which created each of them, giving place to a ſucceſſion of ſimilar accidentally creative powers, can of courſe be no more; and has not only left them to exiſt of themſelves (which, if it were the caſe, they could to all eternity) but alſo without a creator to whom their ducteous acknowledgments may be addreſſed.

Leaving

Leaving thoſe ſtrangely miſtaken reaſoners, with an advice long ſince given them by a very eminent writer, *to view the perfect ſymmetry of Nature*, and the regularity of her operations, to which "an hundred milion of dies caſually thrown an hundred "million of times in the ſame number" cannot be put in the moſt diſtant competition; let us ponder on the goodneſs of our Maker, that we may be more perfect in that indiſpenſible obedience which we owe to Him who breathed in us the breath of life.

When we reflect on the punctual revolutions of the planets, the regular ſucceſſion of the ſeaſons, and the continnal renovation of all ſublunary productions, we cannot but "look through Nature, "up to Nature's GOD," and confeſs the majeſty of His power who "*by wisdom made the heavens and stretched out the earth* "*above the waters!*" We cannot but own Him as the eternal, ſelf-efficient, uncreated Cauſe of all which is viſible and inviſible; and are as much loſt in the conception of our own contemptibleneſs, as in the idea of His ſuperlative glory. We become ſenſible that without the fiat of His will the efforts of Nature would expire, and that we ſhould be inſtantaneouſly deprived of thoſe bleſſings which ſhe is now permitted to circulate without ceaſing through all the elements of the univerſe. .... How much then ſhould the bounties we partake of through his works, ſtimulate us to the general practice of thankſgiving, and an unremitting adoration of the divine Donor!

When we call to mind, that He has imparted to us the glorious faculty of Reaſon, and has wonderfully endued us with the gift of

of ſpeech, we are obliged to own, that the one ſhould ever be exalted with a view to His glory, and the other ſolely exerciſed with a tendency to His praiſe. No other animal is capable of reaſoning (however quick the cogitation of thoſe next below us in the ſcale of being may be) and this ſhould particularly excite us to gratitude, as a privilege we enjoy excluſively in our ſphere of action. Neither is ſpeech permitted to any other creature; How highly reprehenſible would it be, therefore, to uſe ſo peculiar a bleſſing contrary to the intention of the Divine Being who beſtowed it? MILTON very beautifully deſcribes ADAM as firſt exerciſing his ſpeech in enquiries after his Maker, that he might know and adore Him.

"To ſpeak I try'd, and forthwith ſpake;
"My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
"Whate'er I ſaw. Thou ſun, ſaid I, fair light!
"And thou in-lighten'd earth, ſo freſh and gay!
"Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains!
"And ye that live, and move, fair creatures! tell,
"Tell (if he ſaw) how came I thus, how here. ....
"Not of myſelf .... By ſome Great Maker then,
"In goodneſs, and in pow'r, pre-eminent.
"Tell me how I may know Him, how adore,
"From whom I have that thus I move, and live,
"And feel that I am happier than I know."

Let us conſtantly employ all our talents, both oral and mental, to His ſervice; by enquiring after *the knowledge of His truth*, by rendering Him all praiſe, and by partaking of all His benefits

benefits with unfeigned thankfulneſs. In ſo doing we ſhall not only find matter of immediate delight, but reap ineſtimable advantages both in time and in eternity.

O.

[No. XV.]

" The whole world was not half ſo wide
" To ALEXANDER, when he cry'd
" Becauſe he had but one to ſubdue,
" As was a paltry narrow tub to
" DIOGENES, who is not ſed
" (For ought that ever I could read)
" To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and ſob
" Becauſe h' had ne'er another tub."

BUTLER'S HUDIBRAS.

AMBITION knows no bounds. It is like an inſatiable thirſt: The more it is indulg'd the more it craves. It is an avaritious paſſion, which cannot be contented: The more it gains, the more it hankers after. How miſerable was the conqueror of the world, in competition with the philoſopher in his tub! The latter was contented with ſufficient room to live in; whilſt the former wanted ſtill more, after he had acquired all which could be had! What uneaſineſs, what reſtleſneſs, what diſquietude, muſt conſtantly perplex the ambitious mind; and what enormous miſchiefs are continually proceeding from it! To ſay nothing of the dreadful ſcenes of war; to paſs over in ſilence the horrid aſſaſſinations,

nations, which Ambition has cauſed in all ages and all countries: Let us purſue this monſter into the retreats of private life, and mark its progreſs in the boſoms of ſequeſtered individuals. How the voracious vulture is perpetually gnawing there! .... With what eager longer do millions purſue money! If I had but ſo much as ſuch-a-one, ſays PETRONIUS, I ſhould be happy. Preſently he has it: Aſk him if he is happy now. No! He is apprized that ſuch-a-one has ſo much; when he is on an equality with him he ſhall be contented: Yes, as much as he is now. He is like a child at a fair: He at firſt covets but a horſe; then his Ambition graſps at a man and horſe; next he muſt have a coach, forſooth; and ſo on. There is indeed a trivial difference between them: One frets for metalic toys; the other cries for wooden ones. But BYBLOS is for ſubſtantial buildings: He does not fix his deſires on the paltry ore: His only Ambition is to rear an elegant houſe in which he may be diſtinguiſhed from the vulgar. The manſion is completed: Now BYBLOS you are eaſy: Are you not? Why that ſigh? PYRRHUS is building himſelf a ſeat in the adjoining pariſh, on a larger and more magnificent ſcale than mine. What then? Is not your own ſufficiently large and ſumptuous? Or cannot you brook that PYRRHUS ſhould be thought the more conſequential man? .... When EUGENIUS was a humble curate, his ſole Ambition was to procure a living: For what then does he now attend the levee of his patron? Why he wiſhes to be promoted to a vacant Deanery: If he ſucceeds, he will not aſpire to any higher preferment. I ſhould rather ſuppoſe he would like to be a Biſhop. SENECA aſks, and very juſtly, "If they that run mad after wealth and honor could but "look into the hearts of them that have already gained thoſe "points,

" points, how would it ſtartle them to ſee thoſe hideous cares and " crimes that wait upon ambitious greatneſs ?" What falſhoods, what perfidies will not an ambitious man wade through to gain the point in view ? What villainy will he ſtick at, in the road to his propoſed conſequence ? And after all, he is as diſtant from the ſummit of his deſires as when he firſt ſet out. Did CÆSAR reach the *non plus ultra* of his Ambition ? Did any of his moſt ſucceſsful enterprizes teach him to be content with the glory he had acquired ? Neither will all which any other ambitious man can attain put the leaſt check to his career, but rather ſpur him on in the purſuit of vain glory. Vain indeed ! For all which it can acquire is as uncertain in the poſſeſſion as vexatious in the acquirement. Here a man is inſtantly deprived of a poſt of honor he had been ſtriving after for years, within a ſhort time after he is appointed to it : And there a conflagration ſuddenly burns down the ſtately edifice which for years annexed a ſuppoſed grandeur to its owner. A ſerenity of mind is alone tenable ; and humility can never be diſturbed. Let the adverſe winds blow : Let miſfortunes howl : Let deſolation pour down in ſhowers all around, let me be ſheltered with Content, and I defy the tempeſt. ..... It is far otherwiſe with thoſe who ſtand on the tottering pinnacle of Ambition : When the ſtorm gathers, they are not only driven from the precipice, but the weight of their ruin'd greatneſs falls upon them. They are ſtrangers to equanimity ; and they cannot bear the oppreſſion of calamity : No wonder then that fallen Ambition ſo often ſeeks for refuge in deſpair. Tho' the puniſhments which attend this ungovernable diſpoſition are generally related of great men and Princes, I will venture out of the beaten track, and preſent a ſpecimen of its fatal tendency from the hiſtory of aſpiring plebeian

" Not Kings alone,
" Each villager has his Ambition too;
" No Sultan prouder than his fetter'd ſlave:
" Slaves build their little Babylons of ſtraw,
" Echo the proud Aſſyrian, in their hearts,
" And cry, ... *Behold the wonders of my might!*"

" When Fortune thus has toſs'd her child in air,
" Snatch'd from the covert of an humble ſtate,
" How often have I ſeen him dropp'd at once,
" Our morning's envy! and our evening's ſigh!
" As if her bounties were the ſignal giv'n,
" The flow'ry wreath to mark the ſacrifice,
" And call Death's arrows on her deſtin'd prey."

YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

LUBIN, at the age of ſixteen was ambitious of taſting the pleaſures of the town, and, leaving the country, ſoon hired himſelf as helper to the under oſtler at an inn. This was the very poſt he wiſhed for, and he prided himſelf not a little on the advancement of his fortune. Soon perceiving that the turn-boys were his ſuperiors, he extended his Ambition to that ſtation; and, by artifice procuring one of them to be diſmiſſed, was quickly raiſed to the deſired dignity. Now LUBIN was the perfect gentleman: His former habiliments were thrown aſide; and with a ſcarlet jacket, a pair of buckſkin breeches, new boots, &c. he put on all the airs of a man of conſequence: He was ſo far above his relations and former acquaintance in the country, that he would not know them; and he was ſo bloated up with oſtentation

tion, that he could not know himſelf. His ſucceſs in life kept pace with his thirſt of aggrandiſement; and it was not long before he became a principal waiter. Ambition is inconſolable if none are behind to applaud; yet equally as unhappy if any are before it: LUBIN could by no means brook the idea of ſubjection; ingratiating himſelf into the favor of his young miſtreſs, CUPID favored his deſigns, and made him a member of the family. .... Preſently afterwards the buſineſs fell to his lot, and he became maſter of ſervants and dependants in abundance. Surely he might now have thought himſelf in the zenith of his glory.. Quite the reverſe: The more he drank of Proſperity, the more vehement was his thirſt: He launched into a variety of ſchemes: There was ſcarcely a concern in which LUBIN was unconnected. At length he over-balanced his vanity; and having loſt his equilibrium, he came tumbling down with much greater velocity than he had aſcended. Poor LUBIN! What reflections he caſt upon his fate: How he curſt his evil fortune! And for why? Fortune kindly took him from the dunghill; and if ſhe had ſet him down there again, ſhe would have done him no wrong: Her gifts, and their continuance, are in her own power; not in our's. LUBIN was offered a very good place as an under oſler: This was infinitely beyond every thing which he ventured to look up to when he firſt began his ambitious flight. But he now looked down upon it with contempt: And fooliſhly preſuming, that becauſe he had once cut a figure in life he ought not to ſtoop to menial offices, he daſtardly deſerted the poſt which Providence had allotted him by putting a period to his exiſtence!

J.

[No. XVI.]

" MAMMON led them on,
" MAMMON, the leaſt erected ſpirit that fell
" From Heav'n; for ev'n in Heav'n his looks, and thoughts,
" Were always downward bent; admiring more
" The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,
" Than ought divine or holy elſe, enjoy'd
" In viſion beatific."

MILTON.

AMONG the beautiful aphoriſms of SOLOMON there is one, to which, if the readers would pay due attention, I am perſuaded they would never have cauſe to repent. On the contrary, many who have paſſed it over as of little or no ſort of importance, have found abundant reaſon to alter their haſty opinion, when its momentous doctrine recurred to their minds, attended with the painful experience of evils, which reſult from obeying a natural and uncorrected paſſion. My alluſion is to Proverbs xx. 28. " *He* " *that maketh haſte to be rich ſhall not be innocent;*" An aſſertion that croſſes one of the ſtrongeſt inclinations of mankind, and therefore practically diſbelieved by moſt of theſe, who in theory acknowledge its divine authority. But the truth remains firm and unalterable though all men depart from it; and, from a certain number of thoſe people, who make it the chief buſineſs of their lives to amaſs wealth, we may take juſt ſo many evidences, of the propriety of what is here advanced. It is very true that a man may acquire an immenſe property, by a ſtrict adherence to his own proper calling, and without committing a ſingle act of injuſtice,

juſtice upon the perſons with whom he may have to deal, and ſtill I may venture to affirm, in conformity to the paſſage I have quoted, that he has not preſerved himſelf unblameable. Suppoſing all men view him in the ſame light as he is willing to view himſelf, ... An example of honorable induſtry; it will make nothing towards exculpating him from the charge of having forfeited his innocence. His offence might be made, with the utmoſt propriety, to conſiſt in this: ... In the not having anſwered thoſe great ends for which he was brought into exiſtence. Now it is evident from the whole œconomy of religion, that to get money was one of the leaſt duties for which man was formed; and, if he has principally laid out his time in this, to the neglect of higher and more important concerns, he is to all intents and purpoſes deeply involved in guilt, and, as ſuch, liable to the penalty annexed thereto. But how is it to be accounted for, that men ſubmit to conviction, acknowledge the truth, and ſtill proceed in the practice of that, which, on ſober reflection, they cannot but condemn? It is not at all to be doubted, that unrepented guilt (as the divines term it) is puniſhable in ſome ſtate of exiſtence beyond the limits of this preſent life; and I think it ſufficiently appears, that ſuch as ſpend their time in the eager purſuit of gain, are by no means to be claſſed with the *leaſt guilty*. After having reminded people of this deſcription, of the very great uncertainty of reformation at a future day, I would take my leave of them with an aſſurance of my belief of the immutability of the Divine Being; who, doubtleſs, will execute the ſentence he has pronounced againſt guilt, if people who contract it ſhall be ſo unfortunate to make their appearance before him, without having waſhed it away with tears of genuine repentance.

PHILAGATHUS.

[No. XVII.]

[No. XVII.]

" Ye well-array'd! ye lillies of our land!
" Ye lillies male! who neither toil or ſpin,
" (As ſiſter lillies might) if not ſo wiſe
" As SOLOMON, more ſumptuous to the ſight
" Ye delicate! who nothing can ſupport,
" Yourſelves moſt inſupportable!
" For whom the winter roſe muſt blow, the Sun put on
" A brighter beam in LEO; ſilky ſoft
" FAVONIUS breathe ſtill ſofter, or be chid;
" And other worlds ſend odours, ſauce, and ſong,
" And robes, and notions, fram'd in foreign looms!"

YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

HOW contemptible, in the eye of Reaſon, are the effeminate foplings of the preſent day! How much below that manly dignity which ſhould diſtinguiſh the natural ſuperiority of the ſex are the ridiculous affectations of our modern beaus! What an heterogeneous animal is a finical fribble when compared to the noble and majeſtic being whoſe name and character he aſſumes! Many of our ſprightly females, in equeſtrian habits, have a much more maſculine appearance. ..... I lately enjoyed a humorous repartee which a country waggoner beſtowed upon one of thoſe delicate things.

The ſcented fop was eſcorting a young lady of an aſpect ſomewhat robuſt, who, being the greater proficient in the art of riding, kept her ADONIS to a quicker pace than he could well bear with: The

The road being rather narrow, a broad-wheel waggon prevented them from riding abreaſt. Before he could get round the team, not liking to lag behind, and unable to take the lead of his fair charge, the waggoner drove cloſe to that ſide on which he attempted to go by. "Brute! d'ye know who you ſtop?" "No Miſs, "only I tho't as how yow woar the breeches, I ſhud gee woy "to yowr broather theare in pettacauts."

DYCHE's Dictionary gives the following definition of the word Fop: "A fooliſh whimſical, empty fellow; one that is wholly "taken up about modes and faſhions in dreſs, and by the effemi- "nacy of his behaviour comes nearer to a woman than a man." ... If the waggoner was of DYCHE's ſchool, it was no wonder that he uſed this jocoſe reproof.

But what are the trivial taunts and jeers which thoſe uſeleſs and inſignificant flutterers occaſionally meet with, to the ſerious reprehenſion which ſuch triflers merit? Can it be ſuppoſed, that the Almighty created rational beings for no other purpoſe than to ornament (or rather disfigure) their perſons? To ſtudy faſhions, and to practice in buffoonery and affectation? What an abſurdity? Men travelling towards a world of ſpirits to think of nothing but the decoration of thoſe incumbrances which they are obliged to leave behind them! How unprepared muſt ſuch thoughtleſs travellers purſue the important journey? Important! Eternal happineſs, or endleſs miſery, is the goal! What account can ſuch inconſiderate mortals render of their ſtewardſhip, who bury that precious talent Time? Who inſtead of uſing it to the inſurance of everlaſting bliſs, leave it totally unthought of, while they amuſe themſelves with fleeting fooleries?

Dropping

Dropping the awful idea of the future; Of what ſervice are the plumes of faſhion, the fopperies of fancy, to ſociety? Do thoſe who ſtudy exterior ornaments make better huſbands, better fathers, better maſters, or better ſervants, than thoſe who ſeek the embelliſhment of their minds? Or rather, will they bear to be placed in the contraſt? No! They ſhrink from the competition, and dwindle before thoſe who look down upon their littleneſs, like a race of nothings. Are they greater promoters of the uſeful arts? Do they ſoar higher in the regions of imagination? Do they contribute more to the advancement of the ſciences? Or rather, do not their ideas centre in themſelves? Do the arts or ſciences occupy the leaſt iota of their attention? .... Are they the patrons of diſtreſs? Are they the rewarders of baſhful merit? Or are they the promoters of morality and virtue? Aſk firſt, Whether morality, or virtue, merit, or diſtreſs, have the ſmalleſt portion in their thoughts? ... Seeing then, that the tribe of fops are of no real benefit to mankind, and woefully inimical to their own deareſt intereſts, let us leave the painted butterflies to flutter in the ſun-beams or their own folly, while we follow that pure and unerring light which diſcovers to the reflecting mind the errors and abſurdities of human vanity.

R.

MR. MONITOR,

PRAY do yourſelf and the gentlemen of the *ton* the honor to caution them againſt the uſe of thoſe inefficacious coſmetics which are daily impoſed on the unwary; and to inform them, that I have lately imported from Circaſſia *the genuine eſſence of carnations*, which

which not only gives a beautiful complection, but preſerves the face from wrinkles to extreme old age. ..... *N. B.* Swan-down gloves, as uſual. Your's, &c.

PETER POPPY, Man-Milliner and Perfumer.

[No. XVIII.]

" Short precepts profit much, as well as pleaſe:
" For when we fill the narrow mind too full,
" It runs again out of the o'ercharg'd ſoul."

CREECH's HOR. *Art of Poetry.*

I HAVE been honored with the following favors from the SMOOTHLY family; and truſting they will be as acceptable to my readers as to myſelf, I have given them an immediate inſertion.

" *His glory covered the Heavens, and the earth was full of his praiſe.*"

HABAKKUK iii. 3.

WE ſee, with rapt'rous joy, the ſun,
And own its Maker's pow'r;
And when its daily courſe is run,
His glory ſtill adore:
For then His countleſs worlds, on high,
The glittering Heaven deck;
What myriads praiſe Him in the ſky
On each reſplendent ſpeck!

Great, wond'rous, empyreal King!
We on thy glories gaze,
Whilſt Earth, and all her fullneſs, ſing,
Unceaſingly, thy praiſe.
O may I never ceaſe my part
In that grand ſong to bear;
But, grateful, tune my raviſh'd heart
When day or night appear.

LAURA.

AS I ſtray'd through the meadows, ſo ſmiling, ſo gay,
And enjoy'd all the beauties around;
My minutes, ſo blithſome, ran cheerful away,
No alloy to contentment I found.

The flowrets, ſo ſimple, delighted my eye,
As I tript o'er the verdure, ſo green;
Whilſt the breeze-fanning trees, with their tops waving high,
So majeſtic, divers'ed the ſcene.

The warblers, ſo ſweetly, inceſſantly ſung;
Their muſic enchanted my ear:
The hedges, ſo fragrant, with odours were hung;
I inhal'd their perfumes in the air.

The bright lamp of day, which ſo peerleſs did ſhine,
All the graces of Nature diſplay'd:
The breezes, ſo freſh, did their paſtimes combine;
And, ſo cooling, the heat they allay'd.

A cloud,

A cloud, on a ſudden, ſo darkſome, appear'd,
And eclipſed the ſun's cheering ray;
The thunder, ſo loud, with amazement, I hear'd;
And the lightning, ſo vivid, did play.

The rain poured down, like a torrent, ſo faſt;
I ſhiver'd, ſo wet, and ſo cold:
The ſweets of the rural enjoyment were paſt,
And forgot, like a tale that is told.

I long'd for ſome cot, but no cottage was near;
The ſcene lay ſo wild, and ſo wide;
The diſtreſs, ſo unlook'd for, ſoon ſtarted a tear;
And my heart was ſo full, that I cry'd.

Then I thought of the numbers, ſo wretched, on whom
Dame Fortune once ſmiled, ſo kind;
But quickly her viſage all ſabled with gloom,
And gave all their bliſs to the wind.

From the tempeſt, ſo ruthleſs, this moral I drew:
Not to doat on Proſperity's form;
Then, tho' the rude blaſts of Adverſity blew,
I might weather, ſerenely, the ſtorm.

MARIA.

[No. XIX.]

[No. XIX.]

MR. MONITOR,

I Have often wondered, that none of our ingenious modern profeſſors of erudition, did not take upon them to introduce a ſyſtem of Ethics: But when I conſidered to what a pitch the mind of man is degraded, my aſtoniſhment in a great meaſure ceaſed; I have no doubt, MR. MONITOR, but you will find it extremely difficult to purſue your deſign: Calumny, and the ſelf convicted, will throw out a deal of ſcurrility. But never the leſs, I hope you will perſevere in your undertaking againſt all mean and ſcandalous invectives. I am happy to ſee the ground work of ſo neceſſary an undertaking publiſhed, and if you think the following worthy a place in ſome one of your numbers, you will oblige

Your's, &c.

IGNAREUS.

" Prepare for happier climes, and diſtant ſoils,
" Where the poor peaſant will forget his toils;
" The patriot ſtern, no longer will diſpute;
" The ſnarling critic, ceaſe for to confute;
" Where earthly Kings no longer bear the ſway,
" But peace in triumph breathes eternal day.
" Where ſouls of juſt men riſe, in grandeur great;
" With aſpect new, unknown to their firſt ſtate."

I Know not whether (as ADDISON expreſſes it) there is a more " pleaſing dreadful thought," than Eternity, it even makes thoſe deaf

deaf to all goodneſs, ſtand as it were in horror and amazement. But to the good man what can be more pleaſing? One eye on Eternity, and the other on his actions, will carry him through theſe tranſitory ſcenes to the endleſs manſions of bliſs and perfection with alacrity and delight. He hopes for what he will ſhortly be in actual poſſeſſion of; and feels within himſelf, an unſpeakable happineſs which none but pious ſouls, can poſſibly enjoy: Under all his afflictons, it lifts his ſoul, and bids it ſoar to Heaven; and there, (as voyagers when arrived at a commodious haven) drops anchor for repoſe; Bleſſed Lord! How ineffably good haſt thou been, in revealing to us thy divine will; if we were to be deprived of his revelation, we ſhould then have juſt cauſe to ſorrow for our miſeries and hardſhips here; but when we look on thoſe ſacred volumes, all grief vaniſhes, joy and aſtoniſhment gladdens the heart and fills our ſouls with a holy exſtacy. But to the obdurate ſinner, what horror and anxiety the thoughts of Eternity ſtrikes through his heart, can be better felt than if it were to be deſcribed. What will you have to ſay, ye impenitent, at that great day of reſtitution, when the ſecrets of all men's hearts will be laid open, where no change of time, nor place, can alleviate your horrific doom? "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy "laden," were the words of your Bleſſed Redeemer, concluding with, "and I will give you reſt."

We are ſtrictly brethren, we are all from one common parent, all branches of the ſame tree. If then we are brethren, let us act as ſuch, by endeavoring to mitigate our ſufferings one towards another, being kindly affectionate, with brotherly love. Nothing can be more effectual in deſtroying the doubts very prevalent among

among men than ſociableneſs: It is when a man wanders in the wild abyſs of his own imagination, that he commits thoſe enormous abſurdities which the virtuous precepts of others might prevent: And with this view I hope the MONITOR will uſe all poſſible means to point out the paths of truth and virtue.

[No. XX.]

"*Studet .... tendetque diſertus haberi.*"

HOR.

THEY who deſire the mere opinion of poſſeſſing any endowments are juſtly ſubject to the criticiſms of diſcerning people; they put themſelves to continual trouble, and pay dearly for their imaginary ſucceſs. When, however, they try to lay aſide their defects it is far otherwiſe. In moſt of the attainments (whether of the body, or of the mind) we are capable of, that eaſe that ſometimes attends them, even where it may have been in ſome meaſure natural, has been indebted to art for it's advancement, or at leaſt for it's continuance. Children are greatly biaſſed by the inſtruction they receive in the earlieſt part of their lives. We may expect in the preſent age, that the moſt deſtitute will have the bleſſings of a right education offered them; tho' the beſt inſtitutions, as they are the contrivances of men, may be deficient, and, if over rated, particularly ſo. We would enquire firſt, therefore, whether at this period the endeavours of the maſter may not often be obſtructed by prepoſeſſions as to the capacities of his pupils? If they ſhould not be diſcouraged, neither ſhould the encomiums conferred on them

them be ſuch as to elevate them too highly. More miſchiefs may be occaſioned by this means than are generally imagined. In every valuable acquiſition (humanly ſpeaking) ſome induſtry is neceſſary ; but this probably, before it becomes habitual, is itſelf the moſt difficult acquiſition. They who would promote it, then, ſhould remember,

" All praiſe is foreign but of a true deſert,"

and more likely to relax than invigorate the mind of any perſon : Tho' he may be unwilling to conſider himſelf in ſo flattering a light, his very modeſty may influence him to it, when thoſe whoſe judgment he eſteems are too laviſh of their compliments. How often has exceſſive approbation proved injurious even to people of more ripened underſtandings ! It is not pretended that a favorable teſtimony may not be well employed. But are not the hopes of contributing to the common good of mankind as effectual a motive as that of gaining

" A fancied life in others' breath ?"

No doubt, there are many to whom the latter may be more animating than the former ; but when this is the caſe, it is generally the ſign of ſuch a weakneſs as will probably prevail with thoſe it is found in, to be leſs perſevering in their endeavours than they might have been with better inducements. The moſt ſolid are not always the moſt conſpicuous, or the moſt obvious qualifications. Young men are attracted by the external appearance of things, and imagine they are highly accompliſhed when they fancy they have found

found out any new truth: They are not ſo deſirous to turn it to the uſe it is calculated to ſerve, as to make it appear that they know it. We are all more or leſs infected with this ſort of vanity, but we ſhould have a care of exchanging the ſubſtance for the ſhadow; tho' attending even to amuſements, as a late author remarks, appears the ſign of a more virtuous diſpoſition than downright idleneſs. It is not intimated, that the vivacity ſo prevalent in ſome is inimical to ſtudy; or that the neglect of the more refined parts of education enſures a progreſs in thoſe of a more immediate uſe. Next to learning to read we are uſually taught to compoſe, and both theſe, when properly intermingled, may become the means of our attaining what is neceſſary to render us fit for the ſtations intended for us. But unleſs we take care, great part of our time may be taken up in the mere purſuit of language. This is not the deſign we ought to have. When a young man enters into life he is expected to converſe with judgment. Let his expreſſions be never ſo elegant, without this they will involve him in miſtakes and difficulties, rather than prove of any real ſervice.

U. C.

MR. MONITOR,

I could wiſh that you would introduce new ſyſtems of Orthography and Syntax in your publication, for the uſe of thoſe who read many famous modern authors, that are at preſent *fashionably* unintelligible.

Your's, &c.

DANIEL DICTION.

MR.

MR. DICTION;

I Am of opinion, that a new ſyſtem of Steganography is moſt requiſite to the underſtanding many *modern putters together of words;* and, if they know their own meaning, *they* ſhould publiſh keys to their reſpective works.

Your's, &c.

THE MONITOR.

[No. XXI.]

"Full many a gem of pureſt ray, ſerene,
"The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
"Full many a roſe is doom'd to bluſh unſeen,
"And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſart air."

GRAY'S *Elegy.*

THE truly great and good are not always conſpicuous: Dark obſcurity veils many a noble character; and hearts overflowing with the milk of human kindneſs, lie neglected beneath the weight of accumulated ſorrows. .... I was lately on a journey about thirty miles from town; when being overtaken by a moſt violent ſtorm, and having ſeveral miles to ride before I could reach an inn, I was glad to aſk for ſhelter at a little low houſe near the road ſide: A ſprack freſh-coloured boy, about nine years old, opened the door; and, by order of an elderly woman within, took my horſe to an adjoining ſhed, while ſhe ſtirred up a little fire, which ſhe deſired I would

I would take my ſeat by, and immediately on my entering placed a chair for me very near it. When ſhe ſaw me ſeated, ſhe turned towards a young woman, who ſat on the other ſide, and with peculiar tenderneſs enquired how ſhe found herſelf: The damſel replied, that ſhe was much better; and raiſing her head a little, I juſt glimpſed the rays of beauty, through a ſhower of deſcending tears. I expreſſed my ſorrow that ſhe ſhould be ſo much grieved, and hoped the cauſe was not irremediable: I received no anſwer, but a ſigh which convinced me that her grief was deeply rooted: And my kind benefactreſs repeated it with that gloomy majeſty of countenance ever attendant on real woe. I was ſenſible that ſome very ponderous calamity lay heavy on their ſouls; and was determined to do every thing in my power either to remove or lighten it. Good people, ſaid I, I perceive that ſome lamentable misfortune has befallen you; and as Providence has directed me hither, I may be the happy inſtrument of comfort to you: For GOD's ſake, tell me the cauſe of your affliction. ... Juſt at this moment the ruddy boy returned, and opening the door with haſty perturbation, exclaimed, *O! Mother! they are coming!* His mother turned pale as Death; and the pearly-eyed girl poured down the copious ſtreams of anguiſh in profound ſilence: Without knowing the cauſe, I could not forbear ſympathizing in their miſery. Who? What are coming? ſaid I, in a tone that muſt have ſufficiently evinced my determination to protect them. ... O! Sir, ſaid the good woman, they are coming for my ſon! He was bound for a poor neighbour's rent, who lately died inſolvent, and through a variety of loſſes he is unable to ſatisfy the landlord! ... I aſked where her ſon was: Oh, Sir! ſaid ſhe, he has been confined to his bed theſe two months: This young woman

woman and myſelf have ſat up with him, alternately, every night ſince. Poor PATTY ſat up with him laſt night, and through over fatigue ſhe is extremely unwell to day: But where they will take him to night; or how he can bear to be removed, GOD knows! At theſe words, the big round tear, which ſhe had hitherto ſuppreſſed, ſtole ſolitly from her eye; and the poor boy ſtood motionleſs with grief and fear. The ſtorm had abated; and I went out to meet the meſſengers of the law, with a view to enquire into the merits of their intended buſineſs, and to prevent the execution thereof, if poſſible. I found three men within a few paces of the houſe, in cloſe confabulation, who, I conjectured, were thoſe I looked for: Stepping up to them, I recoginiſed in one of their perſons a very civil young fellow who I had before known as ſervant to a gentleman of my acquaintance. He as immediately remembered me; and, after a few common-place queſtions, I deſired him and his companions to ſit down with me on a trunk of a tree which lay by the road ſide. I queſtioned them as to the nature of their errand, telling them that I was anxious to remove the cauſe, if poſſibly I could; and requeſted to know the character of the young man. ... Ay, Sir, ſaid one of the officers, it was on account of the excellence of his character that we were conſulting which of us ſhould ſeize his perſon; neither of us is willing to do it, and each wiſhes to throw the diſagreeable taſk upon the other. I was exceedingly pleaſed to hear that the perſon I intended to ſuccour was reſpected; and I begged my informant to give me a brief ſketch of the unfortunate perſon's life and conduct: He very obligingly favored me with it, nearly as follows:

GEORGE

GEORGE M***** ſucceeded, when only ſixteen years old, to a little farm which had been occupied by his father with tolerable ſucceſs for many years. He has ever ſince not only acted the part of a huſband to his widowed mother, and a father to his younger brother, but he has been the general father of the poor, the conſtant protector of the friendleſs, and the unceaſing friend of every one who deſerved it. His houſe has been the hoſpital of the ſick and wounded: He has till within theſe two months, (as there is neither ſurgeon or apothecary in the pariſh) appropriated an hour in each day to diſpenſe ſalves and medicines to thoſe who ſtood in need of them; and tho' they coſt but little, as being made by himſelf and mother chiefly from herbals of their own gathering, yet they were of the utmoſt value to the afflicted, and many ſurprizing cures were effected by them: His mother ſtill continues this practice, but as ſhe is not ſo well verſed in it as her ſon, it is not attended with ſo much ſucceſs. Upwards of one hundred boys and girls have learned to read and write of him, without any other expence than books and pens; and many of them without the leaſt charge; he dedicating an hour every evening to this benevolent purpoſe: The far greater part of theſe, but for him, might never have known great A. When he was firſt taken ill he had about twenty little pupils: Thoſe his beloved PATTY, (a young woman he intended for his wife) took upon her to look after for a few evenings; but her unwearied attention to the object of her affections ſoon obliged her to give them up; and ſeveral of the poor creatures will now be doomed to wander through life without the leaſt glimpſe of education to direct their ſteps. ... He made it a rule to have fifty pounds always at intereſt, as he termed it; and that intereſt was the proſperity of thoſe around

around him: His own intereſt therein he will doubtleſs reap hereafter! With fifty pounds he knew how to gladden the hearts of twice fifty ſouls: For one family he would buy raiment; for another he would purchaſe fuel; ſometimes he would procure an induſtrious man the neceſſary tools to do his labor; ſometimes he has furniſhed a ſtriving houſhold with a breeding ſow; and, when his capital admitted, he would aid another by the purchaſe of a cow. ... Ah! Many are the ſighs that will follow him to a gaol! and many are the mourners whoſe tears will bedew his grave!

And how came he by his misfortunes, Sir? ſaid I, wiping my eyes, for the narrator's ejaculation was uttered with a pathos which pierc'd my feelings to their centre. Is there none in your diſtrict able to uphold ſuch a philanthropiſt? None who might have interfered to prevent ſuch an ornament to human nature from being excluded from ſociety and pent up in the gloomy receſſes of a priſon? At a time, too, when the palſied hand of ſickneſs is trembling o'er his heart, and threatens his exiſtence?

Alas! Sir, ſaid the compaſſionate officer (and to his honor let me remark that he was ſuch) Alas! Sir, there is but one man of wealth in all this hundred; and it is his action we have to ſerve upon poor GEORGE M*****. He his Lord of the Manor, and a Juſtice of Peace, very inveterate againſt the good young man becauſe he is more beloved by the neighbourhood; tho' indeed he cannot brook that any one ſhould be loved or feared but himſelf: Of the firſt there is no danger; but of the laſt he takes eſpecial care. ... We are entirely at his command; our places are at ſtake; or neither of us would have moved an inch upon this buſineſs.

buſineſs. .... With reſpect to the cauſe of Mr. M*****'s misfortunes, I will inform you as briefly as I can. Poor old R*****, PATTY's father, was a very honeſt man, who rented a little farm of the Squire, but having bad hits for ſeveral years together, he was laſt year unable to pay his rent; when the Squire diſtrained, and had not GEORGE interfered, by paying the debt and becoming bondſman for the enſuing year, the poor old man would have been turned off the eſtate. Shortly after a friend failed, to whom he had lent a ſum of money to renew his leaſe: Next, by ſome unlucky accident, his barn was burned down: Then, after another bad proſpect, poor R***** yielded to the laws of Nature: And now, as it were to fill up the meaſure of his calamities, he is attacked with a dangerous illneſs; while our hard-hearted Squire is determined that he ſhall breathe his laſt in priſon, becauſe he cannot immediately pay old R*****'s year's rent.

That he ſhall not! I exclaimed, with much emotion; and turning to the perſon I knew, requeſted two days indulgence, pledging my honor to return in that time with the money. This was acquieſced in; and I haſtened to communicate the glad tidings of conſolation to the daughters of affliction.

When I re-entered the houſe, I found no one below; but perceiving the ſtair-caſe, I determined to adminiſter comfort to the young man, if he were yet capable of receiving it, and accordingly went directly up. His room door was wide open, his mother and his PATTY were kneeling by his bedſide, each bathing one of his hands with her tears; and his little brother was ſeated at the bed's-foot, as motionleſs as one thunder-ſtruck: My

going

going up, without calling from below, had made them believe it was one of the officers coming to execute his duty, and they had rivetted their parting looks on the worthy object of their love. .... I apologized for my obtruſion; and drawing a chair towards this groupe of ſorrow, I acquainted them that there was nothing to fear from the Squire's action: They were almoſt unwilling to believe me. Oh! Sir, ſaid the weeping mother, can it be? I told them of the engagement I was under to pay the money in two days; adding that I muſt take my leave of them for the preſent, and that as anxiety of mind was the moſt probable cauſe of Mr. M*****'s diſorder, I hoped that when it was removed he might recover. His mother and the beautiful PATTY loaded me with their thanks and bleſſings; whilſt the ſick man expreſſed his gratitude with that dignity of ſoul natural to one as free to beſtow as to receive benefits. .... I returned at the time appointed, and had the ſatisfaction to find that the young man was much better: Soon after the officers came, and I ſatisfied their demand. Mr. M***** requeſted that I would take his bond for the repayment; this I abſolutely refuſed, telling him that I expected he would refund it when he ſhould be able, and for which the character I had heard of him was ſufficient bond to me. Before I left the houſe, I put a fifty pound bill in his hand, deſiring he would put it out to intereſt for me at his uſual premium, his happineſs in the welfare of the poor. Joy inſtantly fluſhed in his face, and told me, in a language much more expreſſive than words, that it was his greateſt pleaſure to do good. I once more took my leave, and departed rejoicing that I had reſcued from deſtruction ſuch a jewel, ſo bright an ornament to ſociety; who, without the leaſt inducement of fame, in the ſequeſtered circle of an obſcure neighbourhood,

hood, made it his perpetual ſtudy to be of ſervice to all around him. How much do thoſe ſons of grandeur leſſen, in the compariſon with ſuch a man, who now and then beſtow liberally from their princely fortunes that their names may ſwell the pompous liſt of public benefactors?

E.

[No. XXII.]

——————" Honey'd aſſent,
" How pleaſant art thou to the taſte of man,
" And woman alſo! Flattery direct
" Rarely diſguſts. They little know mankind
" Who doubt its operation: 'tis the key
" That opes the wicket of the human heart."

" FLATTERY is a vice equally hateful in its nature, and dan-
" gerous in its conſequences. Its lurking poiſon is extremely
" difficult to be avoided, as it wears the ſpecious maſk of friend-
" ſhip, and its hurtful approaches are ſeconded and faciliated by
" our inſatiate deſire of praiſe, which is ſo great, that we ſeldom
" conſider whether we are praiſe-worthy or no. Pride, that uni-
" verſal paſſion which firſt

' Brought death into the world, and all our woe,'

" And which, in its different degrees, poſſeſſes the prince and
" the peaſant; makes us flatter ourſelves, inflames our imagina-
tions,

" tions with a ſtrong inclination to appear what we are not; and " expoſes us in a peculiar manner to the pleaſing attempts of flat- " tery, which, like muſic,

——' So ſoftens and diſarms the mind,
' That, not one arrow can reſiſtance find.'

" The man who takes PERSIUS's advice, will readily diſcover " the deception, and conſequently have it in his power to eſcape " it. He ſays,

' *Ne quicquam populo bibulas donaveris aures: Respice quod*
' *non es.*'

SAT. 4 *ver.* 50.

" His caution is very juſt and pertinent to thoſe who liſten to the " ſyren flattery, who (if they do not take it) will perhaps entice " them on to ruin; and equally appoſite is the admonition he " gives them, *reſpice quod non es*, ' reject what thou art not;' " that is, ſurvey thyſelf, and reject the praiſe which is built upon " qualities thou doſt not poſſeſs. The fatal effects of flattery have " been too often felt by princes, whoſe natural ambition, fomented " by the panegyrics profuſely laviſhed upon their pretended virtues " by fawning ſycophants, has frequently led them blindly on to " enterprizes replete with deſtruction, and then, by dreadful ex- " perience, they have ſeen their error, which by a prudent exami- " nation of their own hearts might have been avoided. Examples " of modeſty are rare in exalted ſtations, where they are found " they give a peculiar luſtre to real merit, and from ſuch a cha- " racter

" racter, flattery will ever meet with deſerved deteſtation. An " inſtance of the truth of this obſervation is recorded by HUN- " TINGDON, of King CANUTE (juſtly ſtyled) the Great, a " prince equally conſpicuous for his juſtice, piety, moderation, " and courage.

' One day as he walked on the ſea ſhore, accompanied by his ' courtiers, who offered the groſſeſt incenſe of adulation, and even ' compared his power to that of the Deity, he ordered a chair to ' be placed on the beach, while the tide was making, and ſitting ' down commanded the ſea to retire; but being in a little time ſur- ' rounded with water, he roſe up and chid his flatterers for having ' beſtowed upon him thoſe encomiums which were due to GOD ' alone.'

" HEROD and NEBUCHADNEZZAR, in the ſacred wri- " tings, furniſh us with awful inſtances of the dreadful effects of " indulging the love of flattery, and exalting themſelves; and " ought to warn princes (whatever atchievements they may per- " form, and however high they may riſe in the opinions of their " ſubjects) to remember, that it is through the will and power of " the Almighty they are victorious; and that he is ever above " them, and can cruſh them at pleaſure. The love of flattery " ever betrays a weak or wicked mind, and ſpeaks its profeſſor un- " worthy of real praiſe; it has caſt a ſhade over the moſt illuſtri- " ous characters, it blinds and miſleads thoſe whom it poſſeſſes, " and ſometimes tempts them to wanton acts of lawleſs barbarity " on thoſe who refuſe to ſoothe their vanity. ALEXANDER the " Great, though adorned with many good and amiable qualities,

" was,

" was, through the pernicious influence of this vice, guilty of an " action that muſt create horror and diſguſt in every humane bo- " ſom, I mean his cruel treatment of the philoſopher CALLIS- " THENES, who had been bred up with him under ARISTOTLE, " becauſe the philoſopher would not gratify his pride in calling " him a GOD. As an excuſe for his inhumanity, ALEXANDER " charged him with being acceſſary to the plots and conſpiracies " that were formed againſt him; then he cauſed all his limbs to " be mangled and chopped in the moſt inhuman manner; he alſo " commanded his ears, noſe, and lips, to be cut off, which not " only gave the poor wretch infinite torment, but alſo rendered " him a moſt deformed and miſerable ſpectacle to others; and, " to complete his revenge, he cauſed him, in this doleful plight, " to be carried about *in terrorem*. He even carried his brutal " reſentment ſo far as to order LYSIMACHUS, one of his ge- " nerals, (who had been a diſciple of CALLISTHENES, and gave " him poiſon to put an end to his miſeries) to be caſt to a very " fierce lion; but LYSIMACHUS, by an extraordinary effort of " courage and preſence of mind, having ſlain his dreadful antago- " niſt, not only gained his pardon, but maintained a higher place " in ALEXANDER's eſteem ever after. Praiſe is juſtly due to me- " rit, and when unalloyed with flattery, affords real and deſirable " pleaſure; while it rewards virtue it ſhews the diſcernment of " the beſtower, and creates ſatisfaction to both the giver and re- " ceiver.

" The character of a flatterer is deteſtable; like the butterfly " he diſplays his gaudy colours in the ſunſhine of proſperity; but " when black clouds and frigid blaſts ſucceed, and the cold " winter

" winter of adverſity ſtrips the gay ſcene of all its blooming pride ;
" like that painted inſect all his ſplendid appearances vaniſh, and
" he dwindles to an inſignificant and diſpicable worm. A flat-
" terer is neceſſarily a coward ; a brave man ſcorns to cringe
" with ſervile adoration at the foot of majeſty itſelf, when ſtained
" with tyrannic cruelty and lawleſs ambition ; nor will he laviſh
" unmerited encomiums on

——————' Thoſe vipers,
' Who ſingled out by a community
' To guard their rights, ſhall, for a graſp of ore,
' Or paltry office, ſell them to the foe.'

" I cannot cloſe this eſſay without a word to the fair ſex, on a
" ſubject in which they are ſo highly intereſted ; their tender bo-
" ſoms too eaſily admit the plauſive arguments of flattery ; and
" how fatal has it proved to many ! MILTON finely deſcribes
" SATAN, the firſt flatterer, tempting our general mother :

' Wonder not ſov'reign miſtreſs, if perhaps,
' Thou can'ſt, who art ſole wonder ; much leſs arm
' Thy looks, the heav'n of mildneſs, with diſdain,
' Diſpleas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze
' Inſatiate, I thus ſingle ; nor have fear'd
' Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.
' Faireſt reſemblance of thy Maker fair,
' Thee all things living gaze on : All things thine ;
' By gift, and thy celeſtial beauty adore,
' With raviſhment beheld, there beſt beheld,

' Where

'Where univerſally admir'd: But here,
'In this incloſure wild, theſe beaſts among,
'Beholders rude and ſhallow to diſcern
'Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
'Who ſees thee? (and what is one?) Who ſhould'ſt be ſeen,
'A goddeſs among gods, ador'd and ſerv'd,
'By angels numberleſs, thy daily train.
'So gloz'd the tempter, and his proem tun'd:
'Into the heart of EVE his words made way.'

"We all too well know what dreadful work they made there. "If flattery could thus ſeduce EVE, in a ſtate of innocence, how "is it to be wondered at, that our modern EVES ſhould liſten to "its enchanting voice? The lovely ſex are too apt to admire "their own charms, and indulge a ſecret pleaſure in hearing them "admired by others; they think a man ſecure when once they "have enſnared him, and too ſeldom conſider, that he who ſighs "at their feet, and vows the warmeſt love and conſtancy, is of- "ten plotting their ruin. I would recommend to the conſidera- "tion of the female ſex, the following words of CHAMONT in "the Orphan:

'Truſt not a man, we are by nature falſe,
'Diſſembling, ſubtle, cruel, and inconſtant:
'When man talks of love, with caution truſt him!
'But if he ſwears, he'll certainly deceive thee.'

"Aſſuredly, if they reflect how many of their ſex have been gra- "dually drawn from innocence to infamy, by the flatteries, pro-

"teſtations,

" teſtations, and falſe endearments of ours, they would ſhun the
" very approach of flattery like death. I readily give up my
" own ſex, ſo far, for the benefit of the fair, and heartily wiſh
" they may have the good ſenſe to diſpiſe flattery and the flatterer.

" EUGENIO."

[No. XXII.]

What tho' a thouſand CUPIDS ſmile
On ev'ry feature of her face;
What tho' her eyes all eyes beguile,
And ev'ry motion has its grace:
What pleaſure can her charms impart,
If odious and deform'd her heart?

BEAUTY, of which ſo much has been trumpeted by its votaries, in all ages, is but a mere bauble, an outſide ſhew, a ſomewhat in imagination and a nothing in reality. Nature is indeed worthy of our admiration, in the pleaſing forms with which ſhe captivates our ſenſes: And we cannot look upon any beautiful object but with delight. But in beauty there is no intrinſic excellence; it conſiſts merely in exterior, which too frequently conceals an interior the moſt deformed and diſagreeable.

With reſpect to the beauty of women, with which our optics are ſo peculiarly enraptured, What is it more than the reflection of the diſguſting rawneſs on the other ſide? If the thin ſurface of the moſt lovely face was to be turned inſide outward, we ſoon

ſhould

ſhould ſee from what cauſe the tints of the roſe and lilly were conſpicuous through her fine ſkin. If this bewitching apparation, for it can ſcarcely be called a reality, has any merit in attracting our eyes, it is that of exerciſing the imagination with an idea of the infinite Beatitude who imparted it. And if the adoration we involuntary pay to it were properly conſidered, it would convince us that our inclination naturally tends to the adoration of the Divine Glory, tho' the groſſneſs of our ſenſes too frequently rivets our veneration on the creature when it ſhould aſcend to the Creator.

The magic of beauty does not enchant us with the wand of its own power: There is no act of the object gazed on which compels our praiſe and admiration; it is the impulſe of our own inſtinct, the impelling force of our own fancy, which obliges us to applaud and wonder. Hence it is that we differ ſo widely in our ideas of this faſcinating idol. Hence it is that whilſt one is in an extaſy with the ſight of this beauteous form, another views it with little or no emotion; but turns his eyes with rapture towards an object which the firſt had ſcarcely noticed. But when we occupy our thoughts on Him who formed thoſe pleaſing ſubſtances from the duſt, we are, without differing, aſtoniſhed at the idea of that Divine Parent of all Beauty who has ſo wonderfully diffuſed it through the creation.

Yet there is a beauty in the female ſex, which, tho' it is neither the theme of fame nor the object of ſudden admiration, is a reality; and, unlike the other, does not attract our eyes, but captivates the mind; it is too pure to be ſeen by our outward optics,

and

and is only viſible by the internal light of reaſon. This beauty, which is indeed worthy the homage of our affections, does not ſeize them by ſurprize, but draws us by the emanation of its ſteady and unwavering rays to the gradual acknowledgement and laſting eſtimation of its inherent lovèlineſs. This is the beauty of the heart; to which all the pleaſing ſurfaces of form and face are as incomparable as the paltry tinſel is to virgin gold. Our eſteem for this intrinſic beauty of the ſoul is the midway, in the ſcale of aſcenſion, between our ſenſual adoration of the corruptible creature and the ſpiritual worſhip of the incorruptible and truly adorable Creator.

But the virtues of the mind, the genuine beauties of the diſpoſition, are but little ſought after: And we rather look for the momentary and fickle gratification of our wanton fancies, than the certain and unfluctuating ſolace of our ſober judgments. It is not only in the ſelection of human beauty that we fall into this error; but in our choice of every thing around us: We ſtudy ſhew, rather than ſervice, in our apparel; and in our dwellings, we expend as much in ornament as in conveniencee. It is an abſurd folly, that we in general claſp the trappings of delight, and leave the actual good unthought of.

S.

[No. XXIII.]

" Rogues riſe before 'tis light to kill and thieve,
" Wilt thou not wake to ſave thyſelf alive?
" If now, when well, you will not leave your eaſe,
" In vain you'll try when preſt with a diſeaſe."

CREECH'S HOR. *Epiſtle* II. *Book* 1.

HOW moderate are the wants of Nature! How little aid, and how little reſt ſuffice her! The ſluggard, by too much indulgence, relaxes her ſtrength, and renders himſelf obnoxious to a variety of diſeaſes, which ſhe, in her wonted ſtate of activity and vigor, would have thrown off. How ridiculous it is for mankind to weaken their own bodies, in oppoſition to the dictates of Nature; and how irrational for beings naturally deſirous of life to ſhorten their exiſtence by ſelf-acquired maladies! Do thoſe who give themſelves up to ſloth reap any benefit from this voluntary ſacrifice of health? Quite the reverſe: It is the parent of poverty; the progenitor of want; the inſtigator of vice, and the fore-runner of deſtruction! Do they by thus freely caſting off all probability of longevity in their preſent ſtate, flatter themſelves with any proſpect of compenſation in a future? Impoſſible! The principal, the grand concern of this fleeting life, ſhould be to prepare ourſelves for that which is to come; and little can be the preparation which thoſe are making for the next world, who wil not even beſtir themſelves to partake of the goods of this. All things which ſurround the ſluggard call on him to arouſe: The earth, the air, even the waters, abound with admonitory examples to move him from his indolence; and the ſun lights his chamber with

with the rays of its diffuſive preſence, to reprove him for his ſloth. Time calls him to account; and that ſacred MONITOR, his conſcience, tells him, in the moſt authorative tone, that he is but an incumbrance to ſociety ... a drone among mankind. Does the man exiſt who has no buſineſs, no calling, no neceſſary vocation to purſue? Who can be of no ſervice either to his neighbour or to himſelf? Reaſon ſtarts at the idea! and points her finger with concern to the dwellings of the wretched: There's not a ſluggard breathes, but numbers ſtand in need of his aſſiſtance: There's not an idler upon earth who cannot find ſufficient occupation for his time in doing good to thoſe about him. What a loſs then muſt his fellow-creatures ſuſtain from the ſupineneſs of ſuch a being, who is born for ſociety and deprives it of the moments which ſhould be devoted to its ſervice. If every man who lives to the age of thirty, and who indulges himſelf but one average hour per day more than is neceſſary to refreſhen Nature, could recal one year, when on the eve of eternity, each would propoſe a number of benefits therefrom on his own account, tho' now he may fooliſhly aſſert that the loſs thereof is no injury either to himſelf or others. What would not that wretch give, who, ſinking from one degree of indolence to another, has fallen into the abyſs of indigence, if he could but retrieve the minutes which he might have employed to the profitable purpoſes of induſtry! And what promiſes to ſhake off ſloth, if he ſhould again be bleſſed with opportunity, will not the ſlave of eaſe pour forth, when it has pinioned him to his pillow!

"*Go to the ant, thou ſluggard, conſider her ways, and be wiſe,*" was the Monitory of King SOLOMON to the ſlothful of his

his day; and it would be well for many if they would attend to it at this period, to prevent the miſchievous conſequences which may otherwiſe enſue, among which are thoſe denounced by the ſame monarch, "*Yet a little more ſleep, a little ſlumber, a little folding of the hands to ſleep: So ſhall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man.*"

[No. XXIV.]

"Dreams are the interludes which Fancy makes,
"When monarch Reaſon ſleeps this mimic wakes,
"Compounds a medley of diſjointed things,
"A court of coblers and a mob of kings."

MR. MONITOR,

A Little time ſince I ſpent an evening with ſome ladies of my acquaintance, who make a point of bantering me on all occaſions, becauſe I am on the verge of forty and was never married. I generally am a match for them, having a tolerable ſhare of volubility, and being furniſhed with numerous inſtances of matrimonial misfortunes. However, this time they made ſome impreſſion on me; for I went to bed ruminating upon ſome weighty argument which an elderly gentlewoman had intermixed with our more trivial converſation.

I dreamed in the night, that I was walking alone on the bank of a river, when I ſuddenly perceived a vaſt multitude of both ſexes,

ſexes, of all ranks and conditions, on the other ſide. Immediately the whole throng ſet up a horrid cry of *Murder!* and calling me by name, accuſed me with the perpetration of that moſt dreadful crime. I ſtood for a moment almoſt petrified with fear; but ſelf-preſervation ſoon induced me to fly from the din of *Vengeance*, which ſounded in my ears like thunder. Horror damp'd my heart, and my nerves were ſo unſtrung with terror, that I could make no ſpeed, tho' inſtant deſtruction was at my heels impelling me to redoubled pace. A ſurly fellow, ſo deformed that he was more like what children imagine of a hobgoblin than a man, ſoon overtook me, and, ſeizing me by the throat, demanded immediate ſatisfaction for the lives of the thouſands I had deſtroyed; adding that my children and my children's children, to the end of time, demanded the ſpeedy execution of revenge on their unnatural murderer. I proteſted that I never had any children, and that I never had been married. That is thy crime! ſaid the grim perſonage in whoſe cuſtody I was: Thou haſt diſobeyed the law of Nature, which ordered thee to propagate thy ſpecies; and theſe are the offspring which ſhould have proceeded from thy loins, but whom thou haſt inhumanly prevented from receiving the bleſſing of exiſtence! The God of Juſtice has permitted them to appear in the ſhapes and ſubſtances which they would have had but for thee, and to wreak His vengeance on thy guilty head! Struck with a dreadful remorſe of conſcience, I knew not at firſt what to ſay in extenuation of the charge; but ſoon recollecting myſelf a little, I aſſured him that I never could find a proper perſon who I could make choice of for a wife. In a moment I beheld a number of the moſt beautiful women my eyes had ever witneſſed. ... Theſe are thy cotemporaries, ſaid he; thou mighteſt have had thy

thy choice of them; but rather than hazard the interruption of thy peculiarities, thou haſt left the loveliest product of creation unespouſed; and haſt dared, impious wretch! to ſhut the gates of life againſt thy progeny! Thou art as much a murderer, as if they had been brought into being, and thy hands were now reaking with their blood! So ſaying, he dragged me with inexpreſſible fury to the river's brink, while the multitude on the other ſhore, by the terrible variety of their denunciations, made me ſhudder with the dread of torments indiſcribable. My guard, as eager to deliver me up to them as they were impatient to receive me, plunged into the ſtream with me, and I inſtantly awoke. ... Imagination may paint, but it impoſſible for words to deſcribe the conſternation which ſucceeded; and it was not till I had particularly examined all the minutiæ around me, I could be ſatisfied that I was in bed in my own chamber: So entirely had the fright taken poſſeſſion of my ſenſes.

The horrors which this dream occaſioned, ſtill crawl upon my mind; and I am determined to marry the firſt woman who will have me, with a view to ſhake them off by that means, if it ſtill be poſſible.

O.

[No. XXV.]

" Thou great PHILANTHROPIST! who gav'ſt Thyſelf
" A ranſom for a forfeit world! Vouchſafe to me
" Some portion of Thy love to fallen man: That I
" A theme endear'd to Thee may ſing (PHILANTHROPY)
" In ſtrains by Thee inſpir'd, Almighty Friend of Man!"

THE preceeding invocation was prefixed to an elegant little poem on Philanthropy, written by an intimate friend of mine, who, like the author of the following ode, had too much diffidence to uſher it into the world without protection. He will not, I preſume, be offended at my inſerting it as a motto to a production ſo congenial with his own ſentiments.

MR. MONITOR,

THE following ode was compoſed ſome months ſince, with a view to its publication for the benefit of the Briſtol Infirmary, which was rebuilding: It was at the printer's for that purpoſe; and a *ſingle* impreſſion being taken off, ſome attempts to procure permiſſion of dedication were made; but theſe proving ineffectual the author withdrew it from the preſs, having *too much* reaſon to believe, that without a patron its ſale would not defray expences. ... As this ſolitary impreſſion (which is in the hands of a gentleman who ſuggeſted the ſubject) and the printer's rough proof, are the only copies thereof extant, you may venture to give it your readers as an original; perhaps the rather, as the manuſcript has not been handed about. O.

ODE

ODE to PHILANTHROPY.

STROPHE.

RECITATIVE.

PHILANTHROPY ! to thee, with touch divine,
Might holy Seraphs tune their trembling ſtrings ;
Yet, cheer'd by thee, we dare approach thy ſhrine,
And the unhallowed voice thy ſacred influence ſings.

AIR.

Rude are the feelings of the heart,
(How abject, mean, and unrefin'd ?)
When thy pure light no rays impart
T' illume the dark unpoliſh'd mind !
But when, PHILANTHROPY ! thy beams,
Refulgent, pierce the mental ſeat;
Then ev'ry lovely virtue gleams,
As kindled by thy genial heat.

RECITATIVE.

No ſphere, no clime, no region, boaſts alone
The loftieſt ſummit Reaſon e'er can gain ;
Thro, the terraqueous globe this doctrine's ſown,
The right divine to *feel another's pain ;*
Thro' ev'ry tract PAILANTHROPY is known ;
But *Albion*, favor'd iſle ! thou claim'ſt her as thy own !

AIR.

AIR.

Midſt nation's far and near are ſeen
Thy daughters, O Celeſtial Queen!
Fair offspring from on high:
Lo! meek'd-ey'd PITY melts the ſoul,
Till CHARITY pervades the whole
With thee, PHILANTHROPY!

How fam'd, in barb'rous regions, thoſe
Who learn to *ſoothe another's woes*,
Becauſe examples rare:
But here thy influence we ſee
Extends to all, PHILANTHROPY!
Thy ſeat of empire here!

CHORUS.

Happy, thrice .... thrice happy iſle!
Where PITY ne'er forbears to ſmile:
Where CHARITY does e'er diſpenſe
Thy heav'nly ſweets, BENEVOLENCE!

ANTISTROPHE.

RECITATIVE.

Lo! o'er *Britannia*'s ever fertile lands
(Where Plenty ne'er her gen'rous ſtore witholds)

How

How many a noble, ſtately ſtructure ſtands
For thoſe whom Fate with gripe penurious holds!
There the more affluent bid each bleſſing flow;
Bid pain, age, poverty, their griefs forego;
And ſtop up all avenues of woe!

AIR.

When pain or age attacks our frame,
And want ſtares in the face,
Who can the joy extatic name
When thoſe dread ills give place?
Yet weak is this tumultuous joy
To that which gives it birth:
Another's ſorrow to deſtroy
Forms the firſt joy on earth.

CHORUS.

Rejoice, ye ſons of miſery and pain!
PHILANTHROPY, rejoice! for thine's the greater gain!

RECITATIVE.

Is there the man on *Albion's* lib'ral iſle
Who from the needy poor witholds his mite?
The Muſe ſhall drop her fav'rite theme awhile,
And ſing of Reaſon to th' unfeeling wight:

AIR.

AIR.

Thinkeſt thou. unpitying elf,
This fair world made for thyſelf?
Are its ſweets, its comforts, all
Obedient only to thy call?

No! were thy poor neighbours gone,
Thou tenant of the world alone,
Soon thou'dſt find the fruitful ſoil
Yield thee nothing without toil.

Soon their labours wouldſt thou miſs,
Which procure thy ſelfiſh bliſs:
That eaſe and luxury no more
Which now thou oweſt to the poor!

EPODE,

RECITATIVE.

But, lo! the ſympathetic ſtrain returns;
The Muſe ſoars high above th' unworthy elf:
With love of thee, PHILANTHROPY! ſhe burns:
Nor deigns again look down: .... ſhe reaſſumes herſelf.

AIR.

What joy to view yon manſion* riſe,
Where Health invites the ſons of pain!

Where

*The New Infirmary at Briſtol.

Where from the poor and needy's eyes
The tears are wip'd ... and wip'd again.

Briſtol! 'tis thine the glorious pile:
Thy charities no meaſure know:
Lo! Heav'n, well pleaſed, deigns to ſmile,
And hails the .... *Patroneſs of Woe!*

RECITATIVE.

Hark! from on high, the ſound divine reſounds,
With ſweeteſt climax of angelic ſymphony!
The Sons of Love, where Love Divine abounds,
Rejoicing, ſing thy deeds, PHILANTHROPY!

AIR.

Sublime the raptures of the ſoul,
When under thy divine controul,
Eſſence of Love! PHILANTHROPY!
Each ſordid care and paſſion flies,
While thy pure precepts wet our eyes
With tears of Senſibility.

CHORUS.

PHILANTHROPY! the will's aſcribe to thee;
To HEAV'N alone the glory be!

[No. XXVI.]

" Poor is the friendleſs maſter of a world:
" A world in purchaſe for a friend, is gain."

YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

FRIENDSHIP is an ineſtimable jewel: He who is incapable of diſcerning its luſtre muſt wear a ſoul as dark as hell; I would not truſt myſelf alone with ſuch a man a moment; he muſt be capable of the moſt horrid deſigns who has no propenſity to delight in ſuch a treaſure. But there are thoſe, whoſe hearts are formed for the moſt refined friendſhip, who have *not a friend on earth!* This is often the caſe when men are either in the meridian of affluence, or in the abyſs of penury: And this ſhews that friendſhips are too often founded on reciprocal intereſt; not on mutual affection. How many a generous ſoul has eſteemed himſelf bleſſed in the poſſeſſion of his friends whilſt the tide of his affairs ran ſmoothly, who has not found an individual to whom he might conſign his cares when the current has turned againſt him? How many a worthy character has loſt his friends, when fortune has removed him to a more exalted ſphere of action? Our friends are too apt to neglect us in our adverſity, and to become ſhy of us in our proſperity: They know that the poor cannot be of ſervice to them; and, judging from their own narrow ideas of intereſt, they imagine that the affluent will have no care for them. ... Shame upon ſuch friendſhip and ſuch friends! They do not deſerve the name. As SENECA ſays, " it is a negociation, not a friendſhip, that has an eye to advantages." He ſullies the dignity of it who makes it depend upon the caprices of fortune. I would

conſider

conſider a man well before I league in friendſhip with him; but when I have once plighted my ſincerity to him, I would make no difference in my carriage toward him, let which will riſe or fall. If the fickle Goddeſs ſmiles upon him, I will unboſom myſelf to him with as much confidence as ever: If ſhe contracts her viſage to a frown, I will open my heart to him as unreſervedly as uſual. I will lay an unconditional claim to his joys and to his ſorrows; and will as freely communicate my misfortunes and my happineſs. I will not flatter him, I will not hide his faults, if he become rich; I will not deſpiſe him, nor will I harp upon his failings, if he become poor: I will not, in the former caſe, be ſlow to aſk a favor of him; and in the latter, I will endeavor as much as poſſible to anticipate his deſires, yet expect that he will communicate them freely. This is friendſhip; this is that effectual mode of interchanging kindneſs, and of mingling good wiſhes, which makes men truly friends: But how rarely is it to be found?

I do not wiſh to be underſtood as diſregarding all degrees of friendſhip which are below this model: Every ſpark of ſo pure a fire ſhould be cheriſhed with the moſt ardent affection; it may ſpread, and illuminate the ſoul with the effulgence of its ſacred light. Yet thoſe who call themſelves, and indeed imagine themſelves friends, becauſe fortune has placed them in the ſame ſphere of action, and it is their intereſt to ſerve each other, will experience their deluſion when circumſtances change: But genuine friendſhip will exiſt let the parties be removed ever ſo far aſunder, both in reſpect to proſperity and place; becauſe their affections are cemented, and no alteration of affairs can diſunite them.

J.

[No. XXVII.]

[No. XXVII.]

——————————— " Add faith;
" Add virtue, patience, temperance; add love,
" (By name to come call'd charity, the ſoul
" Of all the reſt)."

MILTON.

IT is curious, but, at the ſame time, it is lamentable, to obſerve, how the religious world is divided into parties; and how the profeſſors, of every deſcription, *attempt* to defend their reſpective principles. Whilſt one claſs of Chriſtians proceed upon a ſcheme, diametrically oppoſite to that of another, I pray, how are weak minds to be eſtabliſhed in that one true faith, which is eſſential in conducting mankind to one undivided Deity? I take this to be the cauſe why contending parties loſe themſelves, together with the little religion they may have acquired: The overſight of charity, or love, which our poet juſtly terms the ſoul of all other graces. This man may chuſe to build all his hopes upon faith, without conſidering the importance of being fruitful in every good work; another may adopt that equivocal term, virtue, and make it to ſignify all religion, or no religion at all; and a third may make his devotion and righteouſneſs to conſiſt, in ſomething elſe, no matter what! ſo it prohibit as few of his vicious indulgencies as poſſible; and yet (is it not too much to be believed!) each of theſe can entertain no doubt, of reaping the advantages of that only faith to which I juſt now alluded. But ſome people, of all denominations, are for a free enquiry, and are ever ready to aſk, like PILATE, "What is truth?" though it be written

in

in the moſt legible characters, and placed immediately before their eyes. .... Where there are ſo many in ſearch of this ineſtimable jewel, it is no more than one's duty to point out the place of its abode; and, actuated by this conſideration, there are numbers prepared to undertake the friendly office. The man of faith without works, and the man of works without faith, naturally (not having conquered their Nature) inform you, that the pure, unſullied truth, abides with them alone. Hence it is that religious diſputes ariſe, which prove ſo fatal to the cauſe of Chriſtianity, and defeat the kind intention of its charitable Founder. My readers will be ſo good to receive it as a fact which admits of no doubt, that the man in whom the degraded nature of our firſt parent is unſubdued, is no more a Chriſtian, than a Turk or a heathen can be ſuch. It is however men of this caſt, who are forwardeſt in debating upon what they know nothing about; and, of courſe, you are not to wonder that they are guided more by prejudice and paſſion, than by a real intereſt in the cauſe they eſpouſe. But it muſt be confeſſed, that ſome of our diſputants are people who really wiſh to do the truth a ſervice, and to promote the happineſs of ſociety. Why then do they not carefully examine their own hearts, before they venture to enter the liſts of controverſy? Why do they not exactly aſcertain, whether they have ſufficient love to keep them exactly to the true point? And why do they argue from principles adopted by the world, rather than from the documents of holy writ? ... Let not one man ſay, "*I have faith,*" and another "*I have works;*" but let both well examine whether they have *love;* and then, let them make the divine Word the judge between them, on every ſubject eſſen-

tial

tial to true religion, which may appear to be unſatisfactory, and to require deciſion.

PHILAGATHUS.

Briſtol, Sept. 22, 1790.

[No. XXVIII.]

" As hired mourners at the grave will howl
" Much more than thoſe who grieve with all their ſoul."
CREECH's HOR. *Art of Poetry.*

AS it is my intention in theſe Monitories to notice occaſionally the temporary concerns which engage the national attention, it may not be altogether amiſs at this time to ſay ſomething on the ſubject of General Mourning.

Though the wearing of ſable garments (as is the cuſtom of the country we live in) in token of reſpect to the memory of our deceaſed princes, is not in the leaſt reprehenſible in itſelf, but on the contrary may tend to inculcate proper ideas of the neceſſary degrees of diſtinction and ſubordination among men; yet the terming ſuch a mode of dreſs *A General Mourning* is an abſurdity too groſs to deceive our ſenſes for a moment. Thouſands feel no grief whatever on ſuch occaſions, and affect the appearance of it merely becauſe it is the faſhion. To many, without doubt, this general muſter of our mournful garbs teaches a leſſon which ſhould be ever in our remembrance, ... that " *In the midſt* " *of life we are in death :*" But the far greater part of thoſe who

who wear them gather no inſtruction from the cauſe; they reap no knowledge from the awful admonition;

"They make a paſtime of the ſtingleſs tale;
"Far as the deep reſounding knell, they ſpread
"The dreadful news, and hardly feel it more."

With what propriety can thoſe be called mourners who remit no part of their uſual feſtivities? What a mockery? What a farce? Men to mourn the ravages of death, o'er ſparkling bumpers of nectareous juice! To maſequerade in the habiliments of grief, and laugh, and roar, and join the jocund ſong! Are not the hired mourners in my motto much preferable to theſe? They act at leaſt in character. What degree of ſorrow can be traced in a company of ſprightly people, ſkipping to and fro, and beating quick time to the moſt lively muſic? Or what real traits of melancholy diſtinguiſh the countenances of thoſe who frequent the race-ground and the gaming-table? Decency, one would imagine, ſhould prevent thoſe who aſſume the character of mourners from the public exhibition of mirth and levity. ... But perhaps this unconcern is confined within the narrow circles of the *ton*. No: The ſame portion of facetiouſneſs, and the ſame inclination to gaiety of diſpoſition, are as conſpicuous among the generality of the people as at any other time. Look at the phiſiognomy of the Exchange: What peculiar ſeriouſneſs can be diſcovered there to proclaim us a land of mourners? Survey the coffee-rooms and taverns: Do you hear one ſolitary ſigh among them? Let us viſit the habitations of our friends: Is the improvement by this ſolemn Monitory of Death the ſubject of family converſations? Can you even hear the *voice* of lamentation in

in their dwellings? If, perchance, an ejaculation does eſcape an individual on the vanity of human life, are the ſable-covered auditors more inclinable to make advantage of its uncertainty? .... Death (who is ever preſent) is a ſtranger to the thoughts of each, and the table-talk is altogether a contradiction to their gloomy trappings. ... Much ſuch mourners as theſe were the antient Iſraelites, whoſe mode of mourning was to wear either ſack-cloth or torn clothes, and whom the prophet reproved by exhorting them to rend their hearts, and not their garments: And notwithſtanding my approbation of the public marks of ſorrow, I would recommend to my readers the ſecret mourning of the heart in preference to any other. For altho', in the preſent caſe, the cauſe of mourning may be more out of reſpect to the gracious Sovereign whoſe relative is deceaſed than from any pungent affliction of the mind; yet there is momentous reaſon to mourn the errors of our paſt lives, when Death gives us ſo loud a warning in his call upon a member of the Royal Family.

"Death loves a ſhining mark, a ſignal blow;
"A blow, which, while it executes, alarms;
"And ſtartles thouſands with a ſingle fall.
"As when ſome ſtately growth of oak, or pine,
"Which nods aloft, and proudly ſpreads her ſhade,
"The ſun's defiance, and the flock's defence;
"By the ſtrong ſtrokes of lab'ring hinds ſubdu'd,
"Loud groans her laſt, and, ruſhing from her height,
"In cumb'rous ruin, thunders to the ground:
"The conſcious foreſt trembles at the ſhock,
"And hill, and ſtream, and diſtant dale, reſound."

It

It would be indeed a general mourning, and highly meritorious in a great and enlightened nation, if every individual were immediately to begin a reviſal of his life, with the ſerious (tho' abſolutely neceſſary) deſign of preparing for inſtananteous death: ... There would then be abundant rendings of the heart, and the conſcious MONITOR of the ſoul would publiſh ſufficient inſtigations to real woe in the breaſts of thouſands: But with this ſupereminent conſolation; that tho' grief overſhadow them for a night, yet joy cometh in the morning.

N.

[No. XXIX.]

"All things are full of horror and affright,
"And dreadful ev'n the ſilence of the night."

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL, *Æn.* II.

"By night, an atheiſt half-believes a GOD."

YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

A NIGHT PIECE.

1.

THE ſun withdrawn, night's ſable reign ſucceeds;
Prevailing darkneſs triumphs o'er the meads;
The hills and vales, the lands and ſeas are laid,
In one unbroken, wide-extended ſhade.

The

II.

The verdure bright, and flow'rs of beauteous bloom,
No pleaſure yield the eye amidſt the gloom:
All colours loſt, and to the curious view,
The whole creation's of the ſame ſad hue.

III.

The feather'd choriſters no more ſalute
The liſtening ear; but all are ſtill and mute;
The pleaſure iſſuing from their little throats
No longer ſwells their ſweet, harmonious notes.

IV.

But though the lovely warblers ceaſe to ſing,
Nor make the woods with charming ſongs to ring,
There's one, which, to Night's ear, in notes of woe,
(The owl) chaunts ſolemn, melancholy, ſlow.

V

The flocks to reſt retir'd, the peaſants too,
In ſleeps embraces their ſpent ſtrength renew;
The buſy world at large, worn out with care,
At Nature's call, to balmy ſleep repair.

VI.

My Lord, Sir Knight, and folks of ſuch degrees,
On beds of downy ſoftneſs ſeek their eaſe;

Whilſt

Whilſt the laborious ſlave to proud men's whims,
On floor and ſtraw beſtows his wearied limbs.

VII.

But where's the difference, pray? all reſt who can,
From Sov'reign GEORGE down to the meaneſt man;
Sleep locks the eyes alike of him who lies
On hardeſt bed or can to ſofteſt riſe.

VIII.

Still on the juſt alone the Almighty throws
His guarding mantle whilſt they take repoſe;
From each diſtreſſing thought he clears their mind;
So in ſure ſleep they ſweet refreſhment find.

IX.

But where the man's of guilty dread poſſeſt,
('Tis not the bed) his conſcience keeps off reſt!
In vain, by every ſubtle means, he tries
To cloſe his wearied, yet unwilling eyes.

X.

O Night! how wond'rous is thy pow'rful reign!
It fills the ſinner's breaſt with ſharpeſt pain;
It frights the atheiſt in his curs'd abode,
And makes him half ſubmit to own a GOD!

And

XI.

And now, Thou Sacred Source of Glorious Light!
To ſave us from the ſhades of endleſs night,
Shine on our minds in beams of brighteſt love,
And lead us ſafe to thy bleſt realms above.

XII.

There day and night no more each other preſs!
The uncreated ſun, well pleas'd to bleſs,
Enlightens, gladdens with his conſtant ray,
The lov'd partakers of eternal day.

PHILAGATHUS.

Briſtol, September 24, 1790.

[No. XXX.]

" Full againſt wind and tide, *ſome* win their way;
" And when ſtrong effort has deſerv'd the port,
" And tugg'd it into view, 'tis won! 'tis loſt!
" Tho' ſtrong their oar, ſtill ſtronger is their fate:
" They ſtrike; and, while they triumph, they expire."

YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

HISTORY preſents us with many ſtriking examples of the inſtability of human greatneſs: The iron hand of fate has cruſhed the towering proſpects of the moſt conſpicuous adventurers in the road to fame: The caprice of ſuſpicious monarchs, and the envy of

of deſigning courtiers, have too frequently hurried men of the moſt exalted merit to deſtruction, even when they have fancied themſelves ſecurely moored in the deſired port of ſublunary happineſs. As a memento to "the ſwoln favorites of Kings," and a Monitory to thoſe who are ambitious of ſtate preferments, a valuable correſpondent has very obligingly furniſhed my readers with the following

Memoirs of THOMAS CROMWELL, Earl of Eſſex, beheaded in the Reign of HENRY VIII.

THONAS CROMWELL, the ſubject of theſe memoirs, was born at Putney, in Surry, about five miles from London, of very poor parents; his father being but a country blackſmith; but at what time is not recorded: And he appears to have been one of theſe great men who owe their riſe to their virtues and abilities. As a compenſation for the meaneſs of his origin, he was bleſſed with a ſprightly genius, and a ready capacity to learn languages; which added to the reputation he acquired in the art of war, under the Duke of BOURBON, whom he accompanied at the ſacking of Rome, in 1527, and ſkill in the modern tongues and intereſt of the ſtates thro' which he travelled, firſt recommended him, on his return to England, to the favor of Cardinal WOLSEY, who retained him in his ſervice, in quality of a ſolicitor, which office he is ſaid to have diſcharged with great integrity: And upon his patron's diſgrace, CROMWELL was the only one of all that great man's dependants who retained a ſenſe of his favors in the Cardinal's reverſe of fortune; and who, with a grateful remembrance of his patron's generoſity to him, boldly ſtood forth in the Houſe of Commons, and defended him againſt the torrents of abuſe that were caſt upon WOLSEY by his enemies.

King

King HENRY, after WOLSEY's diſgrace, conceiving a good opinion of CROMWELL's abilities and integrity, tho' he had oppoſed him in his defence of the Cardinal, eſteemed him a proper agent for himſelf in more important affairs, and therefore retained him in his ſervice. CROMWELL ſoon improved the royal favor to his advantage; for the King, who took a pleaſure in raiſing men of low birth to great honor, being highly ſatisfied with the management of the affairs committed to his care, in a little time conferred on him the honor of a Privy Counſellor, made him Maſter of the Jewel-houſe in 1531, and the next year raiſed him to be Clerk of the Hanaper and Chancellor of the Exchequer. In 1534 he was appointed Principal Secretary of State and Maſter of the Rolls: And in 1535, when the King had determined on a general viſitation of all the monaſteries throughout the kingdom, preparatory to their diſſolution, CROMWELL was made Viſitor General, to inſpect the ſtate of the houſes, and inquire into the behaviour of the monks, friars, and nuns; how the rules of each order, in their reſpective convents, were obſerved, &c. He was ſoon after nominated by the King, Vicar General over all the Spiritualities under his Majeſty, as Supreme Head of the Church; in virtue of which commiſſion he had the ſuperintendance of all Biſhops, and ſecular as well as regular clergy, in the kingdom. July 2, 1536, he was ſworn in Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal; and in the ſame month he was advanced to the dignity of a Baron of England, by the ſtile and title of Lord CROMWELL, Baron Oakham, in the county of Rutland. In 1537 he was appointed a Juſtice in Eyre of all the Foreſts beyond Trent; and in the ſame year had the honor of a Knight of the Garter conferred on him, which gave great offence

to

to the nobility. In 1538 he was made Conſtable of Cariſbroke Caſtle in the Iſle of Wight, and beſides many other grants from the Crown, obtained a grant of the Caſtle and Lordſhip of Oakham. April 17, 1540, he was created Earl of Eſſex; and ſoon after was made Lord High Chamberlain of England, which ſeems to have beeu the *ne plus ultra* of his greatneſs.

In return for all theſe favors of his Sovereign conferred upon him, CROMWELL appears to have been attached to his Royal Maſter, or he muſt have carried cajolery to almoſt its height; (and indeed flattery was neither a ſtrange or unwelcome gueſt at HENRY's Court;) for of the King's diſputation with LAMBERT, concerning the real preſence in the ſacrament (for an account of which my readers may refer to the fourth volume of HUME's *History of England*) CROMWELL has written in a ſtrain of high panegyric on his maſter. He ſays: "The King's Majeſty, for "the reverence of the holy ſacrament of the altar, did ſit openly "in the Hall, and there preſided at the diſputation proceſs and "judgment of a miſerable heretic ſacrament. It was a wonder "to ſee how princely, with how excellent gravity and ineſti-"mable majeſty, his Highneſs exerciſed there the very office "of Supreme Head of the Church of England: How benignly "his Grace eſſayed to convert the miſerable man! How ſtrong "and manifeſt reaſons his Highneſs alledged againſt him! I wiſh "the Princes and Potentates of Chriſtendom to have had a meet "place to have ſeen it: Undoubtedly, they would have much "marvelled at his Majeſty's moſt high wiſdom and judgment; "and reported him no otherwiſe after the fame, than, in a man-"ner, the mirror and light of all other Kings and Princes in "Chriſtendom."

"Chriſtendom." ... Now whether CROMWELL was moved by a real reſpect for his maſter, to ſpeak thus highly of him; or whether, on this occaſion, he played the ſubtle courtier, and rendered to CÆSAR what was not CÆSAR's due; may be a queſtion: However, CROMWELL's return to the nation for ſuch her honors heaped upon him claim greater reſpect: We find him a zealous promoter of the reformation, which alone entitles him to our veneration: And in his office of Viſitor General before-mentioned, he diſcovered ſuch enormous vices and impieties (but HUME ſays they were all natural vices) within the walls of what were termed religious houſes, with an account of which, as left us upon record, I will not ſhock the delicate reader; ſuffice it to ſay, they were ſuch, that the publication thereof rouſed the minds of the people to ſuch a pitch of indignation againſt their members, that the King found not ſo much oppoſition in their ſuppreſſion as might have been expected, and as would moſt certainly have been made, had the monks, friars, &c. been deſerving of the appellation heretofore conferred on them.

But CROMWELL was to be a ſtriking inſtance of the inſtability of ſublunary greatneſs. Neither his own virtues (for I do not find even his enemies impeach him in that reſpect in a credible manner) nor the favor of the King, which he apparently engaged, could ſecure him from the inveteracy of ſome, who looked upon him as their rival in the King's confidence; in ſhort, he ſeems to have owed his ruin to his greatneſs.

His conduct about the reformation, and with regard to the ſuppreſſion of the monaſteries, had drawn on him the hatred of the Romiſh

Romiſh faction at court, and they had determined on his ruin, as he was ſuppoſed to be the original inſtigator thereof; ..... a circumſtance they deemed their greateſt miſery; but to the Proteſtants it proved the reverſe. The Duke of NORFOLK, who had ſucceeded too well againſt the life of ANNA BOLEYN, was alſo pitched upon to revenge theſe injuries the church of Rome had ſuſtained, by contriving and accompliſhing CROMWELL's fall. The King's affection for a favorite was known to be ſo unſtable, and he had given ſo many inſtances of his readineſs on an emergency to deliver up his beſt friends and moſt faithful ſervants to the will of their enemies, as tho' he gloried in raiſing them to the very pinnacle of happineſs that he might with greater cruelty plunge them into miſery; that NORFOLK, who ſtill retained his intereſt at court by yielding to the King's abſolute will, uniting with many of the Nobility and Gentry who envied CROMWELL's greatneſs, found it no difficult taſk to bring this favorite's head to the block. But to make his ruin more certain, it was determined to give the King uneaſineſs at the complaints of the people, (a rebellion having about that time broke out) and likewiſe by emiſſaries to perſuade the people that the war with the Emperor, then carrying on, and which they thought their greateſt grievance, was kept up principally by CROMWELL's means: And thus, by rendering the King firſt uneaſy at the preſent clamors, and then by deceiving the people, make thoſe clamors more numerous, they conceived the effects would ultimately prove CROMWELL's overthrow; but leſt all theſe ſhould fail, NORFOLK contrived to fire the King with the beauties of a new miſtreſs; this was CATHERINE HOWARD the Duke's niece, and thereby ruin ANNE of Cleeves, who had been raiſed to the King's bed thro' CROMWELL, leſt her

her favor ſhould prove a ſhield to him: The event too juſtly anſwered their expectations. The King, uneaſy at the continual murmurs of his people and the clamours of his courtiers, who repreſented CROMWELL as the ſole cauſe of all theſe troubles, add to this his deſperate love for CATHERINE HOWARD, he reſolved to give up his favorite to the fury of his foes, thinking it no bad policy to caſt all the obliquy of what had been done amiſs, on a favorite whoſe aſcendance over him had been too notorious to the whole nation, and by making him a ſacrifice, hoped to ſecure the affections of his people. The Earl was arreſted by NORFOLK, at the Council-Table, the 10th of June, 1540, for high-treaſon, by virtue of a warrant from the King, and committed to the Tower.

Thus as his advancement was rapid, ſo was his downfall, and no ſooner were his circumſtances thus reverſed than he felt the neglect of all thoſe who had before pretended to be his friends, CRANMER, Archbiſhop of Canterbury, only excepted; but who was not able to do him any real ſervice; he indeed wrote to the King in his behalf, inſiſting upon the Earl's moſt faithful attachment to his Majeſty's real intereſt, and the great ſucceſs with which God had hitherto bleſſed his endeavors; but HENRY's diſlike was already too deeply rooted to be done away by CRANMER's remonſtrances.....CROMWELL had offended, or the perſuaſions of his enemies had induced the King to believe he had done ſo; he was therefore to fall. The Duke of NORFOLK and his party had puſhed the matter ſo cloſe, in CRANMER's abſence, that his attainder paſſed the Upper-Houſe in two days. The Commons were not ſo haſty; they debated the affair

affair ten days, but at length ordered a new bill to be drawn up againſt him, conſiſting of many crimes and miſdemeanors, heretical principles, and practices, and of ſome great improbabilities. Thus he was attainted of high treaſon and hereſy; but the proofs of any treaſonable practices were utterly improbable, and even ridiculous. HUME ſays, the only circumſtance of his conduct by which he ſeems to have merited his fate, was his being the inſtrument of the King's tyranny in conducting like iniquitous bills in the preceding ſeſſions, againſt the Counteſs of SALISBURY and others; and it muſt be confeſſed his behavior on that occaſion has affixed an odium on his character not eaſy to be obliterated. However, I think HENRY ſtill more culpaple in delivering him up to ruin who was ſo entirely devoted to his will. The bill was ſent up, and paſſed the Houſe of Lords, and ſoon after received the Royal aſſent. In the whoie proceeding he met with great hardſhips, for he was not only denied the privilege of anſwering for himſelf, but ſeveral of the charges againſt him were drawn up by the particular order of the King.

Being now condemned, the Earl's love of life induced him to uſe all his efforts for mercy, but to no purpoſe; for it was not King HENRY's cuſtom to ruin his miniſters and favorites by halves: And tho' the unhappy priſoner wrote to him in ſo moving a ſtrain that it is ſaid to have drawn tears from his eyes, the charms of CATHERINE HOWARD, with the united perſuaſions of NORFOLK and GARDNER, Biſhop of Wincheſter, were ſuch powerful incentives to the King's revenge, that he hardened himſelf againſt all movements of pity, and refuſed a pardon. ..... The concluſion of CROMWELL's letter ran thus: ... "I, a moſt

"woeful

" woeful priſoner, am ready to ſubmit to death when it ſhall " pleaſe GOD and your Majeſty; and yet the frail fleſh incites " me to call to your grace for mercy and pardon of my offences. " Written at the Tower, with the heavy heart and trembling hand " of your Highneſs's moſt miſerable priſoner and poor ſlave, " THOMAS CROMWELL." And a little below, " Moſt " Gracious Prince, I cry for mercy! mercy! mercy!"

After ſix weeks confinement in the Tower, he was beheaded on Tower-hill, the 28th of July, 1540. His behaviour at the place of execution was devout; neither puſilanimous nor deſperate; he avoided all earneſt proteſtations of his innocence, and all complaints againſt his ſentence; he was cautious in regard to the intereſts of his ſon, whom he left behind him; fearful that HENRY would revenge upon him all oppoſition to his will, and knowing that his death alone would not terminate that monarch's vengeance.

Thus ended the life of this great but unfortunate miniſter, whoſe great crime was his abhorrence of ſuperſtition, and detecting of the errors and abuſes which had crept into monaſteries, &c. under the cloak of religion. In ſumming up his character, we cannot but admire it, at leaſt ſome part of it; and ſome of his actions we ſhall find deſerving our imitation: His charity was very extenſive, above two hundred perſons being relieved twice a day at his gate: His gratitude for favors received has a claim to a tribute of veneration, and ſeems to hold out an example for others; one inſtance has been ſhewn, in his behaviour to his patron WOLSEY; and we are told that a Lucqueſe merchant,

chant, from whom he had received ſome good offices when he was a private ſentinel in the Italian wars, being reduced to poverty by misfortunes, and not recollecting even the Earl's perſon, or the ſervice he had rendered him, happening to be ſeen by CROMWELL in London, he immediately ſent for him, and after reminding him of their antient friendſhip, by his grateful generoſity reinſtated the merchant in his former proſperity and opulence.

I cannot conclude this ſubject without obſerving, that CROMWELL's riſe and fall appears to have been drawn almoſt from one ſource, namely his abilities* and the caprice of his maſter; for firſt his abilities pointed him out to the King as a proper perſon for favor, and HENRY heaped almoſt innumerable favors upon him; his greatneſs gave diſguſt to the Nobility, who firſt hurted him in the King's opinion, and HENRY ruined him to make way for a new QUEEN, he being conſidered as the principal obſtacle to the divorcement of ANNE of Cleeves. From hence, I think, may be drawn two very ſalutary morals: Firſt, That to be great does not require high birth, or any immenſe fortune; and that abilities and virtue frequently ſoar above thoſe who derive a claim to honor from a grand anceſtry and the poſſeſſion of wealth: Secondly, That there is no ſtate, however high in this life, which can ſecure a man from being levelled with the meaneſt peaſant;

* It has been ſaid, that CROMWELL never arrived to a great pitch of erudition; and that the greateſt mark of his abilities was his getting the New Teſtament in Latin by heart: But, Query, Do many of our modern literati arrive at ſuch a height of learning?

peaſant; and ſometimes, in the eye of the world, from being caſt beneath him.

A. S.

Briſtol, September 22, 1790.

[No. XXXI.]

"So ſung they; and the empyrean rung
"With Hallelujahs: Thus was Sabbath kept."

MILTON.

SOME weeks ſince my buſineſs occaſioned me to ſpend a few days in the country, one of which was Sunday, and the moſt agreeable I ever remember to have paſſed. I accompanied my friend (with whom I reſided) and his family, to the pariſh church, which I had no ſooner entered than I experienced ſuch an agreeable complacency of mind, ſuch a ſerenity of diſpoſition, as I never before poſſeſſed at any place of divine worſhip whatever; which I partly attribute to the neatneſs and ſimplicity of the venerable building, but far more to the unaffected piety and attentive deportment of the congregation. The clergyman who officiated had opened his book, and was juſt beginning to read the ſervice, as we took our ſeats: Not a look was directed toward me, tho' a ſtranger, and more ſumptuouſly apparelled than any perſon preſent; but every eye was rivetted either on the prayer-book or the miniſter. The whole congregation joined in the reſponſes; and there was not an inattentive individual to be ſeen. I could not but reflect upon the difference of their bemeanor to

that

that of the generality of congregations in town, where ſuch numbers reſort merely to exhibit or to learn new faſhions; to ogle beauties, or to glance at beaus; and where too many repair for no other reaſon than becauſe it is their cuſtom, or *only to lounge away the time.* ... Here was *not even a whisper* during the whole ſervice; and, what was to me exceedingly uncommon, I did not perceive any one *faſt aſleep*, nor *ſo much as nodding*, during the delivery of the ſermon.

The ſtrange cuſtom of ſleeping in churches has been often the ſubject of my aſtoniſhment. ... If, by chance, a perſon has been reſtleſs, or unwell, or obliged to keep watch, the night preceeding the Sabbath, he would do better to refreſhen Nature at home than thus to exhibit his unconcern for the public duties of religion. If a drowſy fit ſhould ſuddenly ſeize any one during his attendance at divine ſervice (which, if the functions of the mind are in a ſuitable ſtate of exerciſe, is not often to be expected) that perſon ſhould immediately exert himſelf to throw it off, by altering his poſition of body, and rivetting his attention the more ſtrongly on the important buſineſs he is engaged in. ... Important buſineſs, indeed! What are all our private concerns and tranſactions, put in compariſon with this? And yet thoſe who are ſo often ſubject to this ſomniferous diſorder in the exerciſe of their religious duties on a Sunday, are never attacked with it while in purſuit of their ordinary occupations the remainder of the week. There is an irreverence in this indecent and ridiculous practice, which thoſe who accuſtom themſelves thereto ought to be aſhamed of; and ſuch as may have been once accidentally guilty of it, if they did but reflect on the appearance of mockery which it wears, would

would be extremely cautious never to offend again in a matter of ſo much magnitude.

If this Monitory has the good effect intended, I ſhall ſoon be happily convinced thereof by occular demonſtration; if not, I ſhall conſider it my duty ſo to expreſs myſelf, in a future paper, that many who are in the conſtant habit of this very reprehenſible inattention may be pointed out and known.

O.

[No. XXXII.]

"*Quoteneam vultus mutandem* PROTEA *nodo.*"

HOR. *Epiſtle* I. *Book* 1.

AS all the ſciences have a common bond of union, as well as the virtues they are ſubſervient to; ſo the errors and vices we are liable to are ſtrongly connected with each other. The connection may be ſecret and almoſt imperceptible; it may not be amiſs for us, therefore, to take a view of the degrees of intimacy ſubſiſting between ſome of them, and the reaſons why they are not always together. Slothful people (ſays the Scripture) and great waſters are brothers. A negligent obſerver might ſuppoſe idleneſs would prevent a man from very great extravagance, by taking from him the very means of running into it. But every body, almoſt, has heard of inſtances of ſome whoſe income has been inſufficient, and who have had recourſe to their acquaintance rather than to any honeſt methods of ſubſiſtence. We ſhould be

apt

apt to conſider pride as very far removed from baſeneſs and ſervility, were we not to meet with men who want every juſt title to reſpect, yet lay claim to it with much more pertinaciouſneſs than they would, probably, if they could really command it. Cowards, it has been ſaid, are cruel, and no leſs in civil tranſactions than in the avowed attacks of public foes. Some are under great apprehenſions if the ſmalleſt intimation is thrown out of their own imprudence, who can yet bring charge after charge againſt others without ſcruple. When a ſedate humor has for ſome time had its way, they who have curiouſly conſidered the conſequences have (from whatever ſource it has originated) frequently ſeen it exchanged for a conduct equally light.

Happy would it be for every one to aim at as equable a frame of mind as the nature of his conſtitution, and the various other circumſtances belonging to his particular ſituation, admit of! There are none more diſpoſed, or, perhaps, more capable, of detecting a hypocrite than ſuch as are experimentally ſo themſelves. They are verſed in the ſecret ways of impoſition, and eaſily diſcover them wherever they are. But whoever, to attain ſuch a talent, is influenced by ſimilar tempers, expoſes himſelf to the very ſtrictures he has framed for others, and finds them as ready to recriminate as he is to accuſe.

When a writer propoſes to inſtruct, or innocently amuſe mankind, it has been ſuggeſted that he will be animated with ſuch ſentiments as characterize his writings; yet it is not always ſo in reality. We muſt confeſs acting and writing are different things. We need not, however, examine into the character, if we can

receive any ſound inſtruction from the principles of others, eſpecially of ſuch as are perſonally ſtrangers, and their example, conſequently, the leſs obnoxious to us.

The hiſtorian may deſcribe the conduct of a general from the moſt authentic teſtimonies he can meet with; and though the very ſtyle ſhews, in ſome meaſure, when an author has been a party in the actions he relates, our obſervation may furniſh us with many, who have recorded expeditions which they were but little acquainted with the management of. It were to be wiſhed their reflections had the firſt effect upon themſelves, as far as they are any ways applicable. But, true, it is, we may exert our underſtandings, and the reſult of that execution might be uſeful to us; but the Monitor too often thinks himſelf at liberty to lay aſide the trammels he preſcribes the ſcholar.

They who communicate the reſult of their reſearches to the public, deſerve well of the reader, when proſecuted with candor, and adopted to any uſeful purpoſe. But to carry it no further in many caſes is abſurd, and may ſerve to ſhew, that we are ſometimes much more ready to turn a period, than to conduct ourſelves with propriety.

U. C.

[No. XXXIII.]

" The hoary fool, who many days
" Has labor'd with continual ſorrow,
" Renews his hopes, and fondly lays
" The deſperate bet upon to-morrow:
" To-morrow comes; 'tis noon, 'tis night;
" This day, like all the former flies;
" Yet on he runs to ſeek delight
" To-morrow, till to-night he dies!"

PRIOR.

TIME, in this life, is of all things the moſt precious; and yet it is truly aſtoniſhing that, in too many inſtances,

——————" We take no note of Time,
" But from its loſs."

When the moments are *paſsed* in which any matter of importance ſhould have been tranſacted, we awake as it were out of a dream, and lament that we have let them ſlide by us. The antients did wiſely in repreſenting Time with a lock of hair before, by which he might be caught at his approach; and quite naked behind, ſo that it was impoſſible to lay hold of him after he had fled by. ..... We every where find people who are continually wiſhing, that they had done this, that, or the other thing, for which Time had offered them ſufficient opportunities, not to be recalled. But the moſt diſtreſſing of all reflections on the loſs of this invaluable treaſure, is when perſons have neglected to make

that

that uſe of Time which may benefit them in Eternity. To prevent my readers from falling into this woeful dilema, I would adviſe their immediately opening a regular account with Time, ſo that by properly ſtating the expenditure of every hour, nay of every minute, they may have conſtantly in view how much or how little they have profited thereby; and be more attentive to the careful uſe thereof, the leſs they perceive that they have hitherto gained by it.

"'Tis greatly wiſe to talk with our paſt hours;
"And aſk them, what report they bore to Heaven,
"And how they might have borne more welcome news."

What an unaccountable abſurdity it is, that rational beings, whoſe everlaſting happineſs depends upon the improvement of uncertain moments, ſhould torture imagination, and put invention on the rack, for methods *to kill Time!* What a rotundity of follies are thouſands continually amuſing themſelves with, to deſtroy that which, if rightly uſed, would afford them wiſdom and delight in this ſtate and unfluctating happineſs hereafter? Yet, Time can never be deſtroyed by man: While life's unfixed data is prolonged, the bold intruder preſents himſelf at intervals to their diſguſted view; and, tho' they wiſh to ſhun him, takes poſſeſſion of their thoughts. Their hours of vanity recoil upon them in idea, and terrify the waſters when they are gone.

"Gone? they ne'er go; when paſt they haunt us ſtill;
"The ſpirit walks of ev'ry day deceas'd;
"And ſmiles an angel, or a fury frowns."

How

How are the unnatural enemies of Time affrighted at his ſpectre! How terrible he ſeems! It is then they

——"Cry for mercy to the next amuſement."

Amuſements cannot rob the inceſſant mower of his ſcythe, but they deprive the inconſiderate mortals who are devoted to them of the only means by which they might have prepared for the ſtroke: Time therefore cuts them off in an unprovided moment, and even the poſſibility of their future felicity is deſtroyed by him who would have conducted them to the manſions of eternal bliſs.

I have been induced to preſent my readers with this brief Monitory on Time, by the receipt of the following ſtanzas: They are prettily deſcriptive of the melancholy conſequence of unneceſſary delay in the caſe they treat of; and I cannot forbear hinting, to whoever of my fair peruſers it may concern, that altho' a prudent caution is extremely requiſite to precede marriage, yet weak, timid, and ſilly excuſes and refuſals, are as contrary to good ſenſe as they are to the laws of Nature: Should any of them prove the dangers of delay, by refuſing to accept of eligible offers, they can only blame themſelves for their timidity.

If the lady who honored me with this favor (and who I preſume to hope is happily eſpouſed) will continue her kind contributions to the preſent publication, I ſhall hold myſelf exceedingly obliged to her; and the more ſo as ſhe is my firſt correſpondent in the metropolis.

DELAYS

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS!

——— " Be wiſe, cut off long cares
" From thy contracted ſpan.

" E'en while we ſpeak, the envious time
" Doth make ſwift haſte away.
" Then ſeize the preſent, uſe thy prime,
" Nor truſt another day."

CREECH'S HOR. *Ode* X. *Book* 1.

" *DELAYS are dangerous!*" the lover cries,
When the coy virgin tells him *It's too ſoon;*
Time, with unbating vigor, ſwiftly flies;
Waſte not thy *morn*, for *night* comes after *noon.*

" *Delays* ARE *dangerous!*" the baſhful maid,
All bluſhing like the roſy morn, replies;
But yet to venture is almoſt afraid,
And till " *To-morrow*" his requeſt denies.

" *Delays are dangerous!*" To-morrow's here,
And *ſtill* the fickle nymph is *unresolv'd*;
A chain of morrows link a fleeting year,
Round Sol's bright orb another year's revolv'd.

" *Delays are dangerous!*" Another form
As fair, now meets her tired lover's eye;
Whoſe firmer mind's with reſolution warm,
And wills at once th' Hymenal knot to tie.

" *Delays*

"*Delays are dangerous!*" The love-lorn laſs,
Now pining, 'wails her timorous delay,
Till Time, with ruthleſs hand, o'erturns her glaſs,
And Death, relentleſs, ſeizes on his prey.

LOUISA.

London, Sept. 26, 1790.

[No. XXXIV.]

"He that's no pilot is afraid to ſail,
"Urge him to guide a ſhip, you ſhan't prevail,
"And only doctors will pretend to heal:
"By ſmiths alone are locks and ſtaples made,
"And none pretend but artiſts in the trade."

CREECH's HOR. *Epiſtle* I. *Book* 1.

WHAT a diſagreeable ſet of beings are our gad-abouts and buſy-bodies, who know every perſon's concerns and neglect their own? ... I believe they may be divided into three tribes; viz. The firſt, in general termed *Jack of all Trades*, or men who pretend to a knowledge in all arts and ſciences, yet know but little of any: Theſe, if bred to a particular calling, are ſure to be ignorant of that eſpecially. .... The next are the news-mongers, or people who are "continually out of breath to no purpoſe," and running here and there to tell "a ſtory about nothing." Theſe know all the ſecrets of all the Cabinets in Europe, and ſo little of their own private affairs, that they are frequently running their families to ruin,

ruin, while they are raiſing empires from the duſt and cruſhing monarchies to nothing. ..... The third, are a miſchievous claſs of mortals who delight in diſturbing the repoſe of private families, and wounding the boſoms and the characters of individuals: Theſe ſpend their time in gathering tales of ſcandal, and in the invention and propogation of lies: But while they know all the failings of all other folks they know nothing of their own. They are by far the moſt dangerous tribe of the three, and ought to wear a mark upon their foreheads that they may be known and ſhunned.

It is my misfortune to be plagued with one of each of thoſe diſguſting characters in my own neighbourhood. ..... JACK KNOW-ALL was bred an apothecary; but he is ſo very ignorant both of chemicals and galenicals, that I would not venture to ſwallow a potion of his making up. Yet he profeſſes himſelf a proficient in divinity, law, aſtrology, muſic, biography, mathematics, mechaniſm, and handicrafts: And he is perpetually peſtering all he can come near to with tedious details of his wonderful advancement in theſe. Sometimes he is buzzing in every ear new arguments in ſupport of the hypoſtatical union; and at other times he is dunning all he meets with prognoſtications of good and bad events, from his aſtoniſhing diſcoveries in the aſpect of the heavens. One while he is explaining the ſubtleties and ſubterfuges whereby a honeſt man may legally defraud his creditors; and at another he is almoſt addling one's brains with repeated obſervations on ſemibreves and demi-ſemi-quavers. One hour he will be demonſtrating numbers and qualities, without ceaſing; and the whole of the next he will be expatiating on his own knowledge in a variety of manual employments. Added to all this, he knows

to

to a ſhilling what every man in the neighbourhood is worth, and can recapitulate all the circumſtances of their lives. No company in which he can mix durſt mention either of hie favorite ſtudies, but they muſt be interrupted by this Mr. KNOW-ALL: Nor can any tradeſmen diſcourſe of their various callings (an apothecary excepted) but they muſt hear of his aſtoniſhing proficiency in them. In perfect oppoſition to my motto, he is a doctor without the ſlighteſt pretenſion to the knowledge of theraupitice; and a pretender to many arts, but maſter of none. For this reaſon, moſt who know him avoid him as much as poſſible, as one who tends rather to deprive them of the benefits of converſation, by engroſſing it, than to communicate information.

SAM SPLUTTER gains as little attention as the Doctor, tho' to the full as talkative, unleſs he engages the ear of a ſtranger, which is his peculiar pride. To ſuch he ſometimes makes himſelf entertaining; but to thoſe who are obliged to hear him inceſſantly harp upon the ſame ſtring, he is both tireſome and diſagreeable. His deſcantations are always political, and he fancies himſelf the univerſal weather-cock of the times; tho' his frequent miſtakes in the prognoſtication of great events often brings his preſcience into diſeſteem: Yet when he chances to be right, he fetches up for all his loſs of repute in political divination, by unremitted boaſtings of his fore-knowledge: On ſuch an occaſion he will viſit at fifty houſes in a day, merely to put people in mind that he had told them at ſuch a time what a turn affairs would take. ... He can now tell to a moment when the ſiege of Gibraltar will commence, when the Spaniſh fleet will be deſtroyed, and in what time his Moſt Catholic Majeſty can equip another. He knows all the plot

plot for attempting a counter-revolution in France, can inform you why it muſt miſcarry, and point out the preciſe time when that country will become a republic. He can account for every fluctuation in the price of ſtocks, and knows to a farthing the daily receipts of the Treaſury; but the miſchief is, that his own accounts are none of the moſt regular. .... No perſon can ſit at breakfaſt with him who will not hold a diſpute about the talents of the Miniſter; nor can he eat his dinner with content if nobody will contend with him on our right to catch monkies at Nootka Sound. ... Between him and JACK KNOW-ALL the good people in this quarter are nearly dunned out of patience. I dare to ſay, that ſimilar characters are to be met with almoſt every where: But of how little real hurt (to themſelves excepted) are all the KNOW-ALLS and SPLUTTERS in the world, when compared with an individual of the following caſt?

TABITHA TATLER is a maiden lady, a little on the wrong ſide of forty, who poſſeſſes the diabolical art of ſpreading ſtrife and diſſention, whilſt none ſuſpect her. She is the moſt courteous and obliging woman imaginable, to all ſhe diſcourſes with; but the moſt bitter and implacable that can be thought of, againſt thoſe who are the ſubjects of her converſation. Her acquaintance is exceedingly extenſive; and ſhe has found out a method to ingratiate herſelf into the favor of the old and young, particularly of her own ſex: And, as if calumny was a valuable commodity, ſhe is the more reſpected the more ſhe gives them ſpecimens of her abilities in that line; yet they are ſo far from ſuppoſing that they are to be calumniated in turn, that they furniſh her with the ground-work, by making her their confident: So abſurd are they,

as

as to fancy, that ſhe muſt be peculiarly attached to thoſe with whom ſhe converſes, becauſe ſhe profeſſes her diſlike to every one elſe. ... In the midſt of her mal-practices, ſhe is extremely cautious not to be miſtaken for a miſchief-maker, and will very often expreſs her hopes that this thing is not true in one family, and her fears leſt it ſhould be ſo and ſo in another, when no one would have ſurmiſed ſuch circumſtances but for her. By her means numberleſs little bickerings, and even animoſities are created among the deareſt friends; while, as ſhe is careful to enjoin ſecreſy, the real cauſe of their miſunderſtanding is unknown. .... As there are doubtleſs many thouſands of this nefarious deſcription, beſides this Mrs. TABITHA, the multitude of offences they commit, and the magnitude of evils they occaſion, call for ſome exemplary puniſhment; but as it impoſſible that a thouſandth part of their crimes can ever be brought home to them in this life, I have lately thought of a future method for treating thoſe abominable wretches agreeable to their deſert. ... According to the doctrine of PYTHAGORAS, our natural propenſities in this ſtate accompany us in the next, and there become the ſource of unceaſing happineſs or endleſs miſery to us: Upon this principle it would not be inconſiſtent to ſuppoſe, that theſe propagators of ſlander ſhould hereafter fancy themſelves continually ſurrounded by all thoſe they had belied, as well as all thoſe they had lied to, with the ſame diſpoſition to ſpread their revilings and backbitings which they poſſeſſed in this life, but ever confronted with thoſe they would villify, and unable to gain the private attention of any, tho' burning to communicate their darling lies. What a torment would this perpetually afford to ſpirits raging with ceaſeleſs deſire to give vent to their deteſtable machinations!

H.

[No. XXXV.]

[No. XXXV.]

FOR the following poetic favors I am indebted to a lady in London: Their inſertion in the MONITOR may be a ſufficient ſatisfaction to her; but the fair writer's very kind and obliging anxiety for the ſucceſs of this publication, has imprinted my mind with Gratitude, in characters indelible.

ELIZA's REVÈRIE.

I.

IN penſive mood, with heart-felt woe,
Alone, appall'd I ſat;
Reflecting on a cruel foe,
And my unfriendly ſtate:

II.

By grief and inward ſorrows brought,
Near death's dread manſion's grate;
Kind MORPHEUS ſtealing o'er my thought,
Diſplay'd the book of fate!

III.

The page all void, full white as ſnow,
My wond'ring eyes beguil'd;
Then turning round, the cauſe to know,
I ſaw a lovely child!

His

IV.

His little pinions were erect,
Juſt plum'd enough to fly;
His lovely eyes might well have deck'd
A beateous ev'ning ſky;

V.

Pleas'd with his pretty, harmleſs look,
I ſtrove to check his flight;
He ſweetly urg'd a kind rebuke,
Then fled my raviſh'd ſight!

VI.

The Cyprian Queen, he had declar'd,
Was come to chear my woe;
'Twas then the ſmiler diſappear'd,
Obedient, bowing low.

VII.

VENUS announc'd, I wiſh'd to hide
The ſorrows of my breaſt;
Fearing beneath her lovely pride,
To ſhew its penſive gueſt.

VIII.

All eaſe her form, her accents mild,
She gently reprehends
That veil which fain would ſorrow ſhield
E'en from its deareſt friends.

Full

IX.

Full oft, ELIZA, have I hear'd
Thy ardent, fervent pray'r;
Full oft have ſeen thee inward ſhrink
In fond, in dread deſpair.

X.

I come a charm for to impart,
To teach thee how to live,
To chear the anguiſh of thy heart,
And bid thee not to grieve.

XI.

Abſence will chill a mutual flame,
If not upheld by me;
'Twas for this purpoſe that I came
Tobe a friend to thee.

XII.

Obſerve yon pile of large extent,
(Waving her lilly hand)
As all thy thoughts therein are bent,
Mind what I now command.

XIII.

HYGIEA ſhall lead thee along;
The moon's now in its wane;
Then haſte and join the motley throng,
'Twill much relieve thy pain.

There

XIV.

There wilt thou find thy only hope ..
Thy only ſorrow .... gay;
Buſied in pleaſure's fulleſt ſcope,
Without the leaſt allay.

XV.

Thy danger paſt has not once check'd
His gay, his wily heart;
Nor doth he with regret reflect
How ſoon ye both muſt part.

XVI.

Yet, as thy happineſs doth lie
In his unmindful pow'r,
If thou doſt wiſh once more to try,
Seize the firſt vacant hour.

XVII.

Beſpeak him kind, his love repay,
As it to theee ſhall grow;
But ſhould thy wiſh find yet allay,
Do not thy hope forego.

XVIII.

In realms beyond the diſtant ſky
Doth Wiſdom's Goddeſs reign:
Be thou her conſtant votary,
She will relieve thy pain.

XIX.

A laſting comfort ſhe will be,
Whilſt life doth thee attend:
Excuſe my haſte, I muſt away;
Abſent, I'll be thy friend.

XX.

Throw off that gloom, and grieve not ſo,
Thy ſorrows ſoon ſhall ceaſe;
For ev'ry ſuff'ring here below
Ends ... in eternal peace.

XXI.

An ether chariot, drawn by doves
That fondly coo'd around,
In which the Graces and the Loves
Came ſkimming to the ground.

XXII.

A golden cloud the whole ſurrounds,
A ſpangled vault above;
Tripping on air, to ſilver ſounds,
The loves and Graces move.

XXIII.

When beauteous VENUS bid adieu,
A myſtic vapor clos'd
Her train and chariot from my view,
My ſenſes then were loos'd.

Swee

XXIV.

Sweet gentle ſlumbers had refreſh'd
My weary heart and mind;
My dream much ſorrow had repreſs'd;
My love, methought was kind.

XXV.

Gay Hope ſo lulls my ſoul to reſt,
My fancy now has charms;
Tormenting doubts no more moleſt,
I reſt from fear's alarms.

XXVI.

So well aſſur'd, I'll grieve no more
My ſuff'rings all now ceaſe;
I'll patient ev'ry thought explore
Which tends to endleſs peace.

ELIZA.

ODE to INDIFFERENCE.

GIVE ear, Indifference, to my lay,
Aſſiſt to heal a wounded heart,
Whoſe woes encreaſe each riſing day:
Come, let thy balm its pow'rs impart.

Let

Let DELIA's pray'r thy pity claim;
Thy ſhield, ſweet maiden, prithee lend;
O guard a hapleſs alien's fame;
Come, with thy genial balm attend.

With all thy careleſs gentle charms
Endow thy ſuppliant's mind,
Such as may fence her from all harms
Deriving from the ſerpent kind.

Let not rude Calumny aſperſe,
With hatred vile, my friendleſs ſhade;
Be thou propitious, and redreſs
Theſe dreadful doubts which do invade.

Let Rancour ſtop her venom'd tongue;
Let Malice fall, to riſe no more:
Propitious hear thy DELIA's ſong,
Or e'er ſhe quits her native ſhore.

ELIZA.

London, Oct. 4, 1790.

[No. XXXVI.]

"*Noſse hæc omnia multum prodest adoliscentulis.*"

TERENCE.

"I ſee theſe things, in a right point of view, may be of ſervice "to the riſing generation."

HONESTY is the firſt requiſite in all our engagements, for we can have no dependence on the performance of any, without honeſty; we ſhall have frequent apprehenſions, at leaſt, concerning it. But when this is at the bottom, tho' the proſecution of it ſhould not prove ſucceſsful, the review will afford conſolation. Arguments to prove this may be thought impertinent. No man hardly will oppoſe it directly. But, amongſt the various ways in which it may be done, is to refuſe examining into the uſe we have made of our opportunities. At our firſt entrance on a courſe of literary purſuits, we are apt to be curious about its end; and aſk, why ſo many taſks are impoſed on us. The conſideration, that we muſt elſe have ſome inferior employment, might, one would think, go a great way to ſatisfy any ſuch enquiries: For dull indeed muſt he be who expects all mankind to be labouring at the oar, while he ſits as an idle ſpectator of the reſt; and only born, as it were, to conſume the fruits of the earth. To be over inquiſitive then on this head is generally the reſult of pride, and the forerunner of ignorance in the future avocations of life, when it appears at an early period. ... I ſhall inſtance in the character of POLYPHILUS.

He

He was ſcarce eleven when his father ſent him to one of the principal grammar ſchools in the kingdom. I pretend not to ſay why, whether from reſpect to his parents or himſelf, he promiſed well at firſt. He thought he could never gain the approbation of his tutors, or any valuable acquaintance amongſt his ſchool-fellows, without endeavoring to deſerve it. But this ſecondary motive wore away when he began to meet with ſome little ſucceſs. It would not have been amiſs, indeed, if a wiſh to be uſeful in the world had ſucceeded to it. But, from miſtaken notions, he grew ſo fond of praiſe as not to be very ſcrupulous how he came by it. With this view then he helped out almoſt any trifler who had a mind to do ſomething elſe himſelf, and in return was called a good natured fellow. This was a radical error, and proved the fruitful mother of a hundred more. In a ſhort time, was there a boy who wanted to make up a ſide at any game, POLYPHILUS was his man. Was there a jolly ſcheme propoſed, POLYPHILUS ſeldom diſapproved of it. But, beſides, he addicted himſelf to a practice that tended to hurt him as much as all the reſt together: The vigour of his conſtitution ſtood out, indeed, againſt its attacks a long while; and he was ſtill a companion of the truants of the ſchool. It was his cuſtom to avoid as much as poſſible being counted *a fag;* and his readineſs for any ſilly play ſufficiently exempted him from the reflection. But he ſmarted for it at laſt. His maſter began to correct and threaten to diſmiſs him. From the apprehenſions of this he ſometimes applied, and occaſionally manifeſted ſome ſigns of induſtry. But, inſtead of ſecuring his advantages, he thought himſelf a lad of too much ſpirit to be confined to the ſame hackneyed train of ſtudy the reſt of the claſs were. POLYPHILUS's eccentricity led him to a pedantic vein

of quotation from the Latin poets, in his themes, verſes, and diſcourſe. In ſhort, he affected the wit; nor is ſuch a turn at all to be wondered at, for, yielding to the difficulties of attempting ſolid ſenſe, he naturally aimed at ſomething in its ſtead, and ran into the ſtrongeſt effuſions imaginable. By prying into various authors, he met with ſome of thoſe unlucky paſſages the eyes of a ſchool-boy ſhould never ſee, the effects of which may be eaſily conceived. He grew leſs and leſs capable of performing his ordinary buſineſs. His maſter, lenient as he was, could not but obſerve one day, that he "aped the gentleman," intimating he was often unemployed. His compoſitions conſequently were done in a ſlovenly manner, and his leſſons ſeldom without the moſt glaring marks of indolence and inattention. For POLYPHILUS was originally not a dull lad; however, he became eventually ſo. Moſt of POLYPHILUS's companions were "more expert at "taw than in Latin;" for the more ſenſible part of his contemporaries treated him with a coolneſs and reſerve; as they probably would with contempt, but for a few ſparks of diligence appearing in him ſtill. In this ſtate we find POLYPHILUS when his father died, leaving him, and a numerous family beſides, unprovided for. This was a ſevere ſtroke to POLYPHILUS. He knew not which way to turn himſelf: When his maſter's generoſity reſcued him from the apprehenſions of immediate want. By a propoſal made in his behalf, a very liberal contribution was raiſed, and he was ſhortly after ſent to the Univerſity of Oxford. But what can you expect of a ſtudent at College, who has ſlept over his books at ſchool? A gown and cap make very little difference. ... It was POLYPHILUS's fortune to be placed there as a Commoner. In about two months he became a ſcholar, with a promiſe of

being

being elected Fellow of the ſame ſociety, when a proper vacancy took place. POLYPHILUS was now left in a great meaſure to himſelf; at leaſt without the dread of corporal puniſhment. He ſoon entered on a courſe of logic, but eagerly embraced the offer of a ready-written ſcheme; and it was exceedingly eaſy to procure ſtrings of them in the ſame manner. He proceeded next to the mathematics and acquired a ſmattering of the five firſt books of EUCLID, but no more. He now frequented the natural philoſophy-ſchool, and even went there not by way of a lounge only; but he knew little more at the cloſe of the lecture than at the commencement of it. Strange as it may ſeem, however, POLYPHILUS took his degree at the uſual time, after paſſing examination in the uſual manner. It is true, POLYPHILUS piqued himſelf on being a claſſical ſcholar. He could conſtrue the Greek and Latin poets, with tolerable fluency; but of this he made very little uſe, as he ſeldom exerciſed his pen, any other way than by compulſion. His eſſays were more puerile and frivolous, if poſſible, than his themes at ſchool. In a clergyman this would have been a capital defect; and not much leſs ſo in a private or public tutor, in which capacities POLYPHILUS has ſpent the laſt three years, with more difficulty than it is eaſy to conceive. Were it aſked, as it ſometimes is, Why POLYPHILUS is ſo deficient in every reſpect, ſo full of complaints and indiſpoſitions? Had he naturally weak intellects and a weak conſtitution? No: But he was indolent. From indolent he became vitious. To add more would probably be ſuperfluous.

U. C.

[No. XXXVII.]

[No. XXXVII.]

" Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,
" Ne better had he, ne for better cared;
" His bliſtered hands amongſt the cinders brent,
" And fingers filthy, with long nails prepared,
" Right fit to rend the food on which he fared:
" His name was CARE; a blackſmith by his trade,
" That neither day nor night from working ſpared,
" But to ſmall purpoſe iron wedges made.
" Theſe be unquiet thoughts that careful minds invade."

SPENCER.

CARE is a moſt troubleſome companion, who embitters our ſweeteſt moments: He interrupts us in our worldly enjoyments, and ſometimes will even venture to break in upon us whilſt we are engaged in religious duties. He is ever buſy, and the human heart is almoſt perpetually his reſidence. If we ſhut him out on one ſide, he will quickly re-enter on the other: In ſhort, in ſome ſhape or other, he will inhabit every individual; and tho' to moſt he is an unwelcome gueſt, yet there are many who indulge the vexatious inmate. Altho' I would wiſh no one to be an entire ſtranger to this general attendant on mankind, becauſe he frequently guards us from more dangerous invaders, ſuch as idleneſs, diſſipation, &c. yet, I cannot but reprehend thoſe who give too much way to his gloomy workings, ſo as totally to prevent their participation in thoſe bleſſings of reſt and comfort which Divine Providence has allotted us in this life. Such an over-carefulneſs is not only injurious to health, but frequently tends to very little immediate

immediate profit, and is then apt to breed diſcontent and murmurings. The various loſſes, mortifications, and diſappointments, which ſo often thwart us in our temporal purſuits, will in minds habitually induſtrious occaſion much natural inquietude; but we fly to the wrong phyſician for a remedy, when we think to remove the pains of worldly miſadventures by oppoſing our own ſtrength to that of fate: The much ſurer remedy would be, to be perfectly reſigned in all caſes to our lot; and then, with only that neceſſary degree of Care which GOD and Nature require of us, we may acquire Content, which is the *summum bonum* in this ſublunary world of trials.

It would be truly wiſe, and highly commendable, if we could at all times caſt our cares on Him who careth for us; we ſhould then be invulnerable to thoſe little tormenting vexations which are continually darting at us in our paſſage through this life. ... "A "wiſe man (ſays SENECA) is not free from the malice of fortune, "but he is out of the reach of it; and all attempts upon him are "no more than XERXES' arrows; they cannot ſtrike the ſun, "tho' they darken the day." I cannot but think, that ſome men are weak enough to ſuppoſe themſelves capable of overcoming the will of Providence, by their obſtinate anxiety to overballance its diſpenſations: Elſe why ſhould they be perpetually caring for thoſe attainments which are beyond their reach, and diſſatisfactorily paſſing over the benefits they might enjoy? Would it not be more conſiſtent with reaſon for men to be ſatisfied with the ſmalleſt gifts of fortune, than to murmur becauſe ſhe witholds or has withdrawn others? Were we habitually to reflect, that all the Cares of all mankind can never bring happineſs to a ſingle mortal,

mortal, if his mind is not prepared for the reception of ſuch a tenant, we ſhould then rather aim at a conſtant complacency of diſpoſition, than indulge a perplexing and diſagreeable anxiety. .. Care too often ſo fully occupies our ideas that we are prevented from purſuing that primary object which ſhould be conſtantly in view; I mean our future welfare; and on which we ſhould ſo firmly rivet our attention, that tho' with MARTHA we may be careful about many things, yet we may with MARY make *choice* of the better part.

N.

To the PUBLIC.

WHEN this publication was firſt announced, it was my intention to have continued it to the extent of ſeveral volumes; and the approbation with which my deſign was honored, by ſome gentlemen of note, encouraged me to hope that my purpoſe would not be abortive; But the iſſues of our attempts are not always in our own hands; and, in the preſent caſe, my views have been entirely defeated. From the paucity of ſubſcribers to the MONITOR in Briſtol, (who do not exceed eighty) and a falling off of more than one hundred in London ſince the emiſſion of the firſt number, it is natural for me to conclude, that it is not reliſhed by the Public; and it is far from my wiſh to continue obtruding on them what they have *virtually* expreſſed their diſlike of. Indeed my own immediate intereſt is at ſtake; and it would be abſurd in me to purſue a public ſcheme, at my private expence, when thoſe intended to be principally benefitted by it, do not think proper to ſubſcribe above one third of the incidental charges: In fact, I propoſed to myſelf rather an emolument from my labors than a loſs; and I think it no crime to confeſs, that my circumſtances will not permit me to follow up ſo unſucceſsful an undertaking, if I were ever ſo much diſpoſed to it. .... Yet I am well convinced, that if a periodical publication of the nature and tendency of the preſent, could be once eſtabliſhed, it would be of great utility, in improving the underſtandings of many; by conveying far more uſeful inſtruction, and affording a much greater ſhare of entertainment, at leaſt to rational minds, than all the nonſenſical jargon of puns, jeſts, rebuſes, and ænigmas, in many other periodical productions, which meet the encouragement of the multitude: And if

ever

ever any perſon of greater intereſt or abilities than myſelf ſhould hereafter attempt ſuch an undertaking, (in my time,) I would take a pride in contributing my atom of aſſiſtance. ..... It would be unpardonable in me to cloſe this compilation, without a word to to thoſe who have ſo kindly contributed to the materials. The gentleman who wrote under the ſignature of PHILAGATHUS, has a double claim to my acknowledgments; firſt, for his literary favors; ſecondly, for the diſintereſted zeal with which he has otherwiſe endeavored to promote the work; and I truſt he will believe there is not a particle of inſincerity in my heart, when I aſſure him, that I ſhall ever conſider myſelf as peculiarly obliged to him. .... The writer under the ſignature of A. S. who honored me with the *Eſſay on Philanthropy* (in No. X.) and *Memoirs of* THOMAS CROMWELL, *Earl of Eſſex*, (in No. XXX.) will permit me to make him the very humble return of my ſincere thanks, and to hope, that the production of his valuable pen will in future be emitted to the public by ſome more ſucceſsful mode of conveyance. .... My correſpondent U. C. will be pleaſed to accept my mite of recompence for his much eſteemed contributions to theſe papers; it is the grateful tribute of a breaſt in the habit of being thankful. I am ſenſible that if the publication could be proceded with, I ſhould be favored with eſſays, both in proſe and verſe, from a few new ſignatures; one in particular, (the goodneſs of whoſe heart is a ſubject of my admiration) has promiſed to furniſh me with a poetical Monitory on the ſlave trade: I requeſt that they will accept my thanks for their kind intentions.

To all the ſubſcribers I preſent my beſt wiſhes for their temporal and eternal welfare; recommending to them a frequent and ſeri-

ous

ous conſultation with that ſilent MONITOR, which the Divine Author of our Being has, in his abundant goodneſs, placed in the boſoms of all mankind. And to the world at large I breathe my moſt ardent deſire for the happineſs of all men, and the univerſal eſtabliſhment of unity, peace, and concord.

I am, with the utmost respect,

The Public's most obedient and devoted humble servant,

THE EDITOR OF THE MONITOR.

BRISTOL, October 14, 1790.

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THE END.